

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED

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Ministerial Responsibility in France.

THERE is a certain type of mind to which the discussion of forms of Government presents irresistible attractions. Not that it is the highest form of reasoning that can engage the human faculties, nor yet the more practical in its results. But its fascination to minds of a logical turn lies in the fact that the materials they work with are capable of infinite combinations. There are certain elements, partly moral and partly material, and as these are differently grouped, as they either harmonize or disagree, so different forms of Government will result, and, it is supposed, different degrees of happiness will be conferred on the people. The French are particularly clever at this sort of thing, and the Abbe Sieyes is not the only one who has filled up his leisure hours with making constitutions for all kinds of societies, actual and hypothetical. The process is not a difficult one. You take the rights of man, and examine these as either natural or acquired. You apply the results of your investigation, first, to society in its rudest and most primitive forms, and afterward in the most complex. You desire to ascertain how the rights of the individual shall be secured while those of society are enforced, and to this problem you bring the formula your previous study has discovered. The results are very curious. Sometimes you are landed in the most rigid despotism and at other times in the greatest license, just according to the proportions in which you have used the ingredients at your hands.

If, instead of building up a society from its first elements, and endeavoring to discover how these might be combined so as to produce greater happiness than at present exists, we pursue the opposite method, and take existing society to pieces with a view to examine theoretically its separate parts, we scarcely arrive at more satisfactory results. The fact is, that society cannot be treated like a Chinese puzzle, to be taken apart and put together as any one pleases. Growth is the only condition of stability. The French Revolution was an attempt to recast society in a new mold, but, as everybody knows, the attempt failed, as fail it must when the doctrines of fanciful speculators are substituted for the certainties of actual experience. But if deplorable consequences arise from the endeavor to force people into institutions they are not accustomed to, there is something grotesque in the attempt to graft on the governmental usages of one country the practices of a foreign state with which they have no affinity either in the spirit or past history of the people.

The motley character of a Government made up from the forms of other countries, while their spirit and essence have been left out, has been lately shown in France, where a combination of the democracy of the United States, the despotism of Russia, and the parliamentary government of Great Britain is apparently on trial. A debate in the French Senate arose lately on the question of direct responsibility to the Chambers.

The French like to be thought a democratic people because their Emperor was elected by universal suffrage, and so far as democracy means freedom, they call themselves free. Now we, as a free people, have a popular Government, and yet know no such a thing as Ministerial responsibility, that is, the Execu-

system be assimilated to that of the United States or of Great Britain? Having in common with both the element of freedom, how shall it be best developed so as to harmonize with other parts of their system? What we have said of growth applies both to our political system and to that of England. In France,

among them it can have no indigenous growth, and that only among Anglo-Saxons can it flourish in native luxuriance.

In the French Senate the Duc de Persigny, arguing from both the American and the English system, maintains that Ministerial responsibility falls in great emergencies. He alleges that if during our late war the Government had been responsible to Congress, the war could not have been carried on, because whenever the fortunes of war were unfavorable to the North, Congress would have insisted on a change of administration. No one can say positively that this would have been so, or even granting this, that such changes would not have hastened the desired consummation. To make the argument worth anything it must be shown that Congress was not supported by the people, whereas it is notorious that the spirit of the North was, if anything, rather in advance of Congress, and that no change of administration would have been approved that did not conduce to a more earnest prosecution of the work in hand. Turning to Great Britain, the orator, in pursuance of his argument, asserted that fear of hostile majorities constrained Ministers to pursue a policy inconsistent with the true interests of the country and contrary to their own judgment. His illustration is too curious to be easily forgotten in the United States. He asserts, and his high diplomatic rank gives weight to his words, that our late deadly struggle was the opportunity England had long sought for our humiliation; but that Ministers were afraid of the opposition of the Commons, and "the goddess Opportunity escaped their powerless hands. Shades of Pitt and Chatham, you ought to shudder!"

Judged by the event, the British Government never did a wiser thing than in abstaining from recognizing the South, as M. de Persigny says their secret and personal wishes inclined them to do. So far from seeing in his statement of facts a reason to disparage Ministerial responsibility on the ground that it creates a certain kind of feebleness and hesitancy in the acts of Government, we think it proves on the contrary how beneficial the direct and restraining action of the House of Commons may become. The Ministry wanted to quarrel with the United States, and the fear of losing their places by an adverse vote in Parliament restrained them. So much the worse for allowing Parliament to have anything to do in the matter, says Persigny. So much the better say we, and in this we only echo the sentiments of all the respectability of the United States and Great Britain.

In quoting our example as one that France would do well to follow, M. de Persigny leaves out of view one important difference between the two Governments. France is an hereditary

monarchy, which practically is a despotism, at best, if we may give a paradoxical definition, a constitutional despotism. Our President is elected for only four years, and is so far subject to Congress that the latter may impeach him for any gross neglect of duty. It would lead us too far away from our subject to ex-



VICTOR HUGO.—SEE PAGE 339.

tive is not officially represented in Congress, cannot be interrogated there, and is not turned out of office by an adverse vote. In England on the contrary, also a free country, the responsibility of Ministers to Parliament is the keystone of their political edifice. The question in France then is: shall their parliamentary

they are looking for an imported article, and being a keenly logical rather than a practical people, they are trying to ascertain by argument which will suit them best. It is asserted by many observers that self-government is after all a question of race. That the Latins are incapable of it except as mere imitators. That

plain why the founders of our Constitution ignored the idea of Ministerial responsibility to Congress, but it is very illogical to deduce from the fact that a basis of strong democratic feeling in France allies it in that respect with our democratic principles an argument in favor of making the superstructure similar. If the Emperor only held his power for four years there would be some parallelism in the two cases, but, on the other hand, if our President held his office for life we should probably resort to some plan of making his Council responsible for his acts.

The result of the Mexican expedition has still further weakened the position of M. de Persigny and his adherents. Thinking men in France see more clearly than ever the danger of allowing one man, however able, to control the destinies of a great people. They argue, and truly, that if there had existed a Cabinet directly responsible to the Chambers for the acts of their imperial master, that ill-starred enterprise would never have been undertaken. The question is still agitating the French political world. Let us hope that when our example is next quoted it will be in defense of liberty, and not to justify oppression, and therefore with a better knowledge than M. de Persigny has shown of the *raison d'être*.

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Humble Confessions.

THERE is a heartiness in downright abuse which is sometimes very refreshing in this age of conventionalities and shams. We do not remember whether it is included in the list which that old worthy, Barrow, gives, of the various ways which wit displays itself. But it is certain that it frequently contains that element of surprise without which, as the greatest of wits himself said, no wit is complete. We have all laughed at the story of the Quaker who, after knocking his shins inadvertently against a stump, offered a boy a dime to swear at the stump for him. Still we think the story would have been more complete if he had given the boy double to do his inward swearing against himself for his own carelessness. It is thus sometimes that our self-accusations are more bitter than any that are made against us, or, for the matter of that, than any we make against other people.

And the self-humiliation of a very proud man has something almost tragic about it. He scolds, he raves, he storms. He invites people to kick him. He begs the world to remember how base he has been, and trusts that from his example they will learn never to trust anybody again on his own estimate of himself. The fun of the thing is, that when the fit is over, the man resumes his old state. Woe be to any one who was *gauche* enough to act on the invitation to punch him. Nor are those much better off who venture to hint, on some new display of arrogance, that such demeanor is inconsistent with former confessions. They are petulantly told to mind their own business, guard against their own inconsistencies, and, if they have any dirty linen to wash, to wash it at home.

The latest instance of this curious perversion is the case of our (so-called) cousin, John Bull. Honest, blundering John, has been doing a shabby thing, is quite aware it was shabby, and thus, through one of his favorite

organs, expresses his contrition: "Scotchmen are supposed to be thrifty, and Frenchmen are *au fond* parsimonious, Germans want twopence worth for every penny, and Italians would do without their skins if their skins cost them sixpence a year; but for an act of downright dirty meanness of thrift, which is almost theft, commend us to open-handed, generous John Bull! He has been doing this week an act which would turn any other human being sick with disgust, and is patting himself with delight at his own liberality and conscientiousness." All this outburst is anent the visit of the Sultan of Turkey to England, and the mode in which the expenses of his entertainment were to be paid. The Queen did not offer to pay, and could not be asked. The Prince of Wales was doing his share of public receptions, the richest of the nobility had been paying for the Pasha of Egypt, and Ministers did not like to ask the Commons for ten or twenty thousand pounds. Some one said, "Suppose we steal the cash and be generous and hospitable, and brilliantly dressed with other people's money. No sooner said than done. Eight thousand miles away, there is a dusky population of two hundred millions who must do as they are bid, and who can very easily toil just a little more than a guest of Great Britain may be entertained, and yet Great Britain not be compelled to pay for her guest's supper. True there is a famine out there, as reported this week, and a good many people are dying of hunger, but after all, they are dark-colored." So the India House gives the *fête*, and "Indian peasantry are to pay their lords ten thousand pounds the more. If that is not a dirty transaction, a bit of downright meanness amounting to dishonesty, we should like Sir Stafford Northcote to tell us what is. An Arab will often steal, rather than a guest shall go unfed, but at least he is not a thief to avoid the consumption of his own milk and dates. . . . It has been reserved for a British Government of the nineteenth century to strip subjects eight thousand miles off to pay for a feast of which they cannot partake, and the credit of which is to be enjoyed solely by those who strip them. . . . We do not say India should not contribute anything at all. . . . But to make her pay all, to tax ryots in order that squires may not be taxed, to take the whole pleasure for ourselves, and leave her the whole penalty, to be generous with her savings, and hospitable with her rice, and splendid with her garments, is a perfection of meanness, a transcendental indecency of which we should have thought English gentlemen incapable."

We hope the readers of the *Spectator* feel better after seeing this mirror of themselves. If any foreigner had so written of England, with what scorn would his imputations have been received. We may bewail ourselves, if we choose, in dust and ashes, but it would be unendurable that others should prepare such a bed for us. There is a dignity in our penance when it is self-imposed, and the difference between the confessional and the pillory is, that the one is voluntary and the other is inflicted by our foes. After all, there is an element of true greatness in thus daring to expose to the world the sore spots on the body politic. It is in these outspoken utterances that we see the true value of a free press, and learn how public opinion can not only expose an evil, but supply a remedy. There is no attempt at palliation—no excuse hinted that other people are just as bad, if not worse. It behaved the aristocracy of England to be indisputably better than other folks, and because they were not they received this pleasant castigation.

It would be interesting to know how such a scoring of our own vices would be received. Of course we should be very angry indeed if any foreigner wrote so about our faults; but suppose some native satirist should thus gibbet us, should we laugh and pass on, or would he persuade us to serious reflection and reform? It will not do to assert that we have no failings. Wendell Phillips, in his diatribes against the South, and afterward against "my policy," approached the tone of the *Spectator*. But the objects of his invective were purely political, and great allowance must always be made for the heat of party spirit. Suppose, however, that the corruptions of society induced by our feverish state of inflated prosperity were the object of "Achilles' wrath"—that the alarming increase of the crimes of infanticide and feticide were fearlessly set forth, and a moral deduced that we were fast declining from our high estate, how would the public take such lessons? The experiment might be worth trying. The *Flora McFlimsy* of society have something more to answer for than the mere love of dress.

Pugilists and the Police.

It were much to be desired that some philosophic mind would apply itself to the solution of the question why pugilism has lately received so sudden and unusual an impetus. It would be interesting, for instance, to know whether this (so-called) sport is flourishing because some other kinds of sport have gone out of fashion;

whether this development of the ferocity of the rowdy mind is consequent upon its having been checked in other directions; or whether it is a new and spontaneous growth, which must be added to the former mass of lawless depravity. Or, again, is it a foreign importation? and have the modern gladiators, driven from Europe, sought a freer country, where they may pursue their instincts undisturbed by gendarmes or police? Judging, however, by the names of the actors daily paraded in the papers, one might hazard a guess that the gentlemen of Fenian persuasion, no longer able to turn their prowess to account by arraying their arms against their hereditary foes, have turned their fists against each other, and it may lend an additional charm to the roped arena if the combatants can imagine, when they are pommeling one another, that they are hitting a hated Sassenach.

Many people will say that these suppositions are far-fetched and unnecessary, and that the true cause of this new disturbance of our peace is, to use a vulgar expression, under our nose, if we only choose to see it—that, in fact, it has its source in the inefficiency of the police. But these are only common minds that judge in this way. They who talk of the supineness and inefficiency of the police know little of what they are talking about. Inefficient, indeed! Ask the distressed damsels who "linger, shivering on the brink" of the causeway, whether they ever have to wait for the services of an officer to help them across Broadway, especially if they are young or good-looking? Look how the liquor-law is enforced, and the keenness of nose our guardians have acquired in detecting the difference between the stains of water and the stains of spirits on a counter, and then talk of the want of watchfulness of the police! Are not the gambling-houses all suppressed, and the haunts of a worse vice shut up? Is not all stolen property at once restored to the owners without fee or hope of reward? And what more can the confirmed grumblers against our admirable institutions want than the zeal with which impertinent interferers are knocked on the head and occasionally shot?

May it not be that this increase of pugilism is a master-stroke of policy on the part of the head of the police? That he is treating the disease as doctors do some disorders which in the first stages baffle their skill, bringing it to a head, and then curing it at once? We are very glad to be able to suggest so excellent a defense of the Commissioners of Police. By winking at the gathering together of all the thieves and rowdies of the metropolis at these fights, is it not evident that they can be more effectually dealt with, when the proper time comes, than if they were lurking separately in their own dens? It is incredible that these illegal and disgraceful assemblages can go on day by day, and the police know nothing of them beforehand. When several hundred of the worst characters of the city are about to meet for a prize-fight, it is impossible that the police have no means of knowing when and where it is to come off. We take refuge in our theory of a profound policy, till some better one is established, and look forward with fond anticipations to the day when the grand haul is to take place, when every rowdy will at one fell swoop be captured, and the city be rid of numerous gangs of criminals for a period of time of which all that can be said is, the longer the better.

Still, it is prudent in these days not to fail altogether in respectful mention of pugilists and gamblers. The most distinguished of the tribe is a member—we are happy to say, a Democratic member—of Congress, and what other honors may await the professors of the manly art of self-defense it is hazardous to guess. It is possible, however, that the younger members of the professions who are yet, as it were, in a chrysalis state, and of whom it may be doubted whether they will develop into felons or congressmen, may not be entitled to the same consideration as their seniors. Till their novitiate be ended the pressure of circumstances "over which they have no control" may oblige them to consort with what must respectfully be called the scum of society, and it is evident that for the present no distinction can be made between them and their associates. When the day of the deliverance comes, and although we have spoken of it hopefully, we secretly fear it is a long way off, it is to be hoped that principals as well as accessories, bottle-holders, and ring-keepers, together with the howling crowds whose applause is their chief, and, in many cases, their only reward, may be included in one ban, and subject to a common punishment.

Expected Disasters.

THE season for steamboat burning and explosions is upon us. Even weather prophets have taken to foretelling, from certain aspects of Saturn, that such disasters are near, but it strikes us they need scarcely have gone so far for their inspirations. For once, the public alarm has induced the proprietors of the Hudson river steamers to take some precautions

against the annual accidents, and they have pledged themselves that no racing shall take place. Yet what danger the traveling public runs was well shown a few days ago when at midnight it was discovered that one of the crowded boats running between Albany and this city was on fire, the pine wood that was heaped round the furnaces to be used as fuel having ignited. Providentially the discovery was made in time, and the measures used to check the conflagration were successful; but had it been otherwise, and the flames had gained the mastery, the consequences must have been most deplorable. We are not responsible for the statements of reporters, but when it was added that the inflammable wood was so arranged, in order that steam could be more quickly generated in case a race came off, we are taught the value that can be attached to the pledges that there should be no racing.

Marshal Bazaine.

AMONG the documents transmitted by the President to Congress relating to Mexican affairs, is a letter furnished by Mr. Romero, written to him by General Diaz, and dated "Guadalupe Hidalgo, May 3, 1867." In it the writer makes the following very extraordinary statement: "General Bazaine, through a third party, offered to surrender to me the cities which they occupied, and also to deliver Maximilian, Marquez, Miramon, etc., into my hands, provided I would accede to a proposal which he made to me, and which I rejected, as I deemed it not very honorable."

There are two omissions in this letter which must strike every one forcibly: the first is, the name of the agent employed by Bazaine in the alleged overtures, for without this the French Marshal may repudiate the acts of his agent, and, in fact, deny that he ever employed one; the second is, the exact nature of the consideration which General Diaz was requested to assent to, and which he says "was not very honorable." When it is remembered that Marshal Bazaine married the niece of the Lopez who betrayed Queretaro to the liberal army, there is a wide field open to conjecture as to what these mysterious proposals may have been. At all events, the French Emperor owes to the world some explanation of the matter. He has too much to answer for in leading poor Maximilian into the trap in which he perished, to allow mankind to suppose, in addition, that his Marshal was guilty of deliberate treachery where treachery was a double baseness.

TOWN GOSSIP.

It is a great pity that the Fourth of July has come and gone, since the latest accounts from Europe would have given the orators on that day a great theme for spread-eagleism. The question of "Americanizing England" has been brought up in Parliament.

The charge was made against Mr. Bright, by a Mr. Lowe, who seems to be the *Me noir* of the Tory party, and a man who is capable of as "exquisite fooling" under the guise of debate as any member who ever sat in any deliberative body. Mr. Lowe is of course the torrest of Tories, and if he was a liberal in disguise could not do more benefit to his party in any way than by speaking as he does.

Mr. Bright denied the charge, but in a way that one might call, allowing it by implication; at any event the word is out in the world, and the idea is now abroad. What the result may be, those of us who are living in the year of grace nineteen hundred and sixty-seven will be better able to prognosticate than any one at the present juncture.

It is a great thing, however, to have got the idea into the world, and as we said before, it is a pity that the Fourth of July has come and gone, since it would have furnished a magnificent opportunity for the orators of that day to amplify.

When Franklin was in England, as the agent of Massachusetts, and also of the colonies, before the Revolution, he was not at first in favor of anything like a decided rupture between his native land and the mother-country, and tried by every means in his power to prevent it. His course of reasoning was as follows:

Foreseeing what the future of this country might be, knowing what wonderful resources it contained, and feeling certain that its population and wealth would increase in unheard-of proportions, he believed that in the future, if the alliance continued between the two countries, the preponderance of influence would, with the increase of population and wealth, pass over to this side of the Atlantic.

The idea seemed visionary to his contemporaries, but events may justify his far-seeing wisdom. It is singular since the successful issue of the war to see how differently America, that is, the United States, and its institutions are rewarded. Unfortunately for the Tory prophets the bubble will not burst. The London *Times* kept for years printing off from a Hoe cylinder press, which is an American invention, its convictions that the disunited States were on the point of breaking up into small fragmentary States whose jealousies and constant wars would soon reduce them to insignificance.

But somehow or other the Union would not be prophesied into such a state of disintegration, and now, lo and behold, the idea has been started of Americanizing England.

To grasp the idea contained in this phrase in its entire completeness is a thing that very few Englishmen, or Americans either, for that matter, can do. It means about an entire subversion of everything which Englishmen hold sacred and consider stable.

It means among other things the substitution of an Andrew Johnson for a Queen Victoria. A taller in the place of the descendant in a long kingly line from the old Græphs. Here is a suggestion horrible enough to make even the horse-hair wigs of the chancellor and judges to stand on end, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," and even perhaps to affect in the same way the same material in the woollucks themselves, and

think what a terrible thing this would be for their reverend and dignified occupants.

It means that the union of church and state should cease; it means that there shall be no bishops with such overgrown revenues that a single year's income is enough to make a man moderately wealthy for life, and at the same time many less curates who are forced to do the real work, and try to be satisfied with "forty pounds a year."

It means that the mass of the population shall be treated like men, and given an interest in the Government by being accorded a voice in the elections.

It means quality and not aristocracy.

It means—but it means so much that time is wanting to suggest even a title of what it does mean. And yet most of these things may come to pass. And yet none of them existed here before the Revolution, and in those days there was as much sticking for rank in the colonies as there is now in England. Why, even the catalogues of the students in Harvard College used then to be arranged in the order of the rank held by the fathers of the youths, while now that institution is in a fair way to have among its sons the sons of many men who have lived a great portion of their lives as slaves.

Amusements in the City.

Lotta, at Wallack's, is one of the leading attractions now for the habitués of that house. Lotta, the petite, the youthful, and the golden-haired, hitherto better known in California than here. And now she comes to us like California wine, bright, sparkling, piquante, and with just the right kind of flavor for our summer theatre-gone. "The Pet of the Petticoats" is the piece in which Miss Lotta, as Paul, made her first appearance here this season, on Monday, July 29th. To speak of the play itself would be superfluous, not to say insulting. It is known far and wide, and always draws when there is a sprinkling of Paul to keep it moving. Vivacity is the quality which chiefly marks Miss Lotta as an actress. A thoroughly educated canary bird might perhaps form a fair comparison for this buoyant little lady, all movement, and warble, and quickness as she is. The performance opens with farce, such as "Family Jars," in which Miss Lotta has an opportunity of displaying her accomplishments in song and dance.

The season at the Broadway Theatre closed on Tuesday evening, July 30th, with a benefit to the acting manager, Mr. W. A. Moore, so long and favorably known in this city in connection with Niblo's Garden. Miss Julia Dean and Miss Lucille Western both lent the valuable aid of their talent for this occasion. The theatre remained closed during the week, and was reopened on Monday, August 6th, by Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Florence, who are now paying there nightly in a round of their favorite characters.

The latest novelty at the New York Theatre is a dramatization of Miss Braddon's novel, known as "Nobody's Daughter," in which Miss Kate Reynolds and Mr. J. K. Morimer take the leading parts. A somewhat novel attraction in this piece, and one that appears to chime in admirably with the taste of young New York—and middle-aged New York, too—is the introduction of a singing-house scene, in which all the accessories seem to be arranged with the special view of tempting the police to make one of their spasmodic "descents." The piece draws.

Mr. John Brougham still keeps the ball rolling at the Olympic, where "Columbus" has been succeeded by "Fanchon's," and light comedies are still the order of opening for each night.

The new Stadt Theatre in the Bowery, is now open with a new and somewhat extensive company, playing in English. New attractions, the "wonderful Orio Family," and other attractions have been added at the Bowery Theatre, and taking everything into consideration, the theatrical season generally can hardly be considered dull.

ART GOSSIP.

THERE are now on exhibition at Messrs. Browne & Spaulding's, No. 570 Broadway, two small marble statues, executed by Mr. Larkin G. Mead, Jun. They are entitled, respectively, "America Past" and "America Future," the first being typified by a female figure armed with sword and shield, the other by a less belligerent-looking nymph, whose only weapons are pen and book. These statues, or statuettes, embody Richelieu's notion, that "the pen is mightier than the sword;" and if there is nothing novel in the treatment with which the sculptor has rendered his conception, he has at least produced two figures of remarkable grace and beauty.

Jerome Thompson has now upon his easel a large landscape, embodying a composition of New England scenery, with a picturesque old homestead and characteristic figures.

J. F. Cropsey has gone to pass the summer at Warwick, Orange county, N. Y.

Among new pictures lately added by Mr. G. P. Putnam to his Art Gallery, are a pair of landscapes, executed in water-colors by F. Rondelet. In these the artist has succeeded in obtaining much brilliancy of hues, not unaccompanied, however, by a certain degree of heaviness, owing to the quantity of body-color used. One of the points in which water-color painting may be said to excel that executed in oils, is the superior transparency which can be obtained by means of successive washes, through each of which the skillful manipulator lets the light, as it were, into the picture. Where much opaque color is used, this charming effect is, of course, lost.

Hamilton's large subject from Tegner's "Drapa," which was in this year's Academy exhibition, is also to be seen in the Putnam Gallery. The painter seems to have studied Turner, some of whose peculiar effects are recalled by this picture.

An English writer points out a rather singular mistake in F. P. Church's remarkable rainbow picture, now in the Paris Exhibition. The arc, according to this writer, displays the form of an ellipse, whereas a rainbow, however large or small in extent it may be, always presents the true segment of a circle. It is to be hoped that this discovery of the critic referred to may not give an impetus to the painting of rainbows. No artist, so far as we remember, has very successfully grappled with this difficult subject. The Iris in Mr. Church's picture of "Niagara," exhibited here some ten years ago, is, perhaps, the best attempt yet made to light up a canvas with the prismatic colors.

LETTER FROM CHILE.

The War on the Pacific Coast.

CHILE and her sister allies are all again aroused by the note of war that comes by the last mail from the Atlantic. After a year of peace—after the Spaniards had left, and as was confidently believed by the Chileans, forever, they are suddenly awakened from their state of inaction and feeling of security to a sense of their true position and to a realization of the fact that they are still at war, and must now fight or make peace.

During the absence of their enemy, the United States, England and France have again and again tendered their good offices to secure peace, but in vain. Spain in each case accepted the propositions made, but the allies had either lost confidence in the good intentions of the mediating powers, or feared to enter into negotiations on the basis proposed, or believe that their present position is a good one, and that Spain in time will be forced to accept terms proposed by them, she being unable to make offensive war so far from home.

It is to this time it has only been a war of words, yet most ruinous to commerce. "Tis true Valparaiso was bombarded, but little damage done; Callao was afterwards attacked, but not with any real intention of capturing

the city; both parties fought well, worthy of their grand old ancestors, who overran and conquered almost the entire continent. No decided result was effected by the bombardment of either city, and in both cases the property of unoffending neutrals suffered most. How much this unsatisfactory warfare has cost Spain I am unable to say; but I do know that Chile and Peru have increased their debts to an alarming figure, and that, too, without aim, purpose, or the slightest practical result.

A few ships have been added to their little navy, and the lines for permanent works have been traced for the defense of Valparaiso, but not yet completed. Of large fine guns they have sufficient, and it is asserted they will be in position and ready for use by the time the enemy arrives. Whether the allied squadron will meet and give battle to Mendez Nuñez remains to be seen. The Peruvians have some fine ships and should make a good fight. From the fact that neither the Peruvian nor Chilean squadron is in as good condition as they should be under the circumstances, and time lost in inaction, there is much complaint against both Governments. Whether the people have just grounds for censure and complaint, will be seen when the hour for resistance comes.

I am myself apprehensive that they have acted on the supposition that the war was over, and that if Spain never so much wished to renew the contest, she could not do so, for want of means. The allied Republics have, beyond a doubt, underrated their enemy, and must now, by renewed efforts and much sacrifice, correct the mistake they have made.

Frado, President of Peru, is a soldier—intelligent, patriotic and bold—but so trammelled by domestic difficulties that he has but little time or heart to attend to a foreign war. The people of Chile are very enthusiastic, spirited and brave, and capable of suffering everything for their country and her honor; those at the head of the Government are among the ablest men of Chile, and should they once discard the idea that Spain is weak and unable to make vigorous war, they will give the mother-country all the fighting she may desire.

Why they insist upon it that the Spaniards will not return, is more than I can imagine, when there is every reason in the world why they should. The allies have refused all propositions for peace made by friendly neutrals, and Spain has too much pride to accept the conditions proposed and insisted upon by them. What then remains to be done? Is it Spain's policy to remain quiet and inactive, with her commerce exposed to her enemies' fast-sailing cruisers? Will she wait till Chile and Peru have drawn into the alliance all the republics of South America? Will, with their combined squadrons increased and well practiced, they take the offensive? No; I think not. Spain may be poor, but she must make an effort, even at great sacrifice, to break the power of her enemies before they become so numerous and formidable, that they in turn may not only make successful offensive war, but entirely destroy her commerce, capture one or more of her possessions in the Pacific, and it may be her pride in the Atlantic.

I am of the opinion Spain will not wait for this, and since all propositions for peace have failed, we may look to see the war renewed and in earnest.

July 1, 1867.

VICTOR HUGO.

MARIE-VICTOR-VICOMTE HUGO was born at Besançon, in France, in 1802, his father being at that time a colonel in the French army. From Besançon he was carried to Elba, from Elba to Paris, from Paris to Rome, from Rome to Naples, before he was five years old.

In 1809 he returned to France, and remained there during the period of his education.

In 1822 his first work, a volume of "Odes and Ballads," was published.

He continued industriously at work with his pen, and in February, 1830, his play of "Hernani" was produced at the Theatre Français, and caused a great excitement. It was an attempt to introduce the modern natural drama on the boards of the theatre, which, of all others in Paris, has been devoted to the classical drama.

The academy went so far in their protest against such innovation as to complain of it to Charles X., who was at that time king, but he replied with rare good sense, "that in matters of art he was no more than a private person."

In 1841 Hugo was elected a member of the academy, and was made a peer of France by Louis Philippe.

Under the present Government of France Victor Hugo has been an exile, and since 1832 has resided in the Island of Guernsey, where his well-directed charity among the inhabitants has made him a great favorite.

His last great work, "Les Misérables," has gained a great success, being translated into many different languages. A sketch of his life written by his wife has made many of the details of his life known to the public.

By the success of his works Hugo has made a large fortune, and enjoys it like an artist, his house being filled with a large collection of pictures, and articles of vertu, while in the midst of his family he lives a life that would leave nothing to be desired, except for the consciousness of being an exile.

Though Hugo's style, particularly in his later works, is too impassioned and enthusiastic, yet his sympathies being always on the side of the oppressed and suffering, and his hatred of every kind of tyranny and wrong seeming to grow stronger with his increasing years, all that he writes appeals strongly to the liberal thinkers of the world, and secures for him an eager attention.

His latest literary triumph was the reproduction on the stage of the Theatre Français of "Hernani," which on this occasion excited quite as much enthusiasm and excitement as it did more than thirty years ago, when it was first produced. Since his exile his plays have been forbidden to be acted, so that this occasion was looked upon as a great triumph for the liberal party.

It would be impossible to give here a list of all Hugo has written, but the spirit of all he has published gives him a rank among the foremost of the modern writers to whom the age is indebted for much of its progress and improvement in all that makes the best civilization.

Abdul Aziz Khan, the Sultan of Turkey.

HIS Imperial Majesty, Abdul Aziz Khan, Commander of the Faithful and Sultan of the Ottoman Turks, is the thirty-second Sovereign of the line of Osman, chief of the Oghuzian Tartars, and founder of the Turkish empire; and he is the twenty-sixth since Mahomet II. took Constantinople and made it the capital of his dominions. He is the second son of Sultan Mahmoud, the exterminator of the Janizaries, and brother of the late Sultan, Abdul Medjid. He was born in February, 1830, the 1245th year of the Hegira, and ascended the throne in June, 1861. Abdul Medjid had left several sons, but the laws of Turkey provide that the brother of a Sultan is to succeed him before his own children. Abdul Aziz was then personally little known, having been obliged to live in strict retirement during his brother's reign; but he had devoted much attention to agriculture, and established a model farm on the banks of the Bosphorus. The beginning of his reign was marked by some valuable administrative and financial reforms. He maintained in their functions all the Ministers of the late Sultan except one, whom he dismissed and ordered to be arrested on a charge of embezzlement; reduced his civil list to one-fifth of what it was in his

brother's time; confirmed the Hatti-sherif of Gulbanel which is regarded as in some sort the charter of the Ottoman empire; promised equality to all his subjects, non-Muslims as well as the believers; recommended order and economy; of which he set the example; abolished the worthless *chakm*; of depreciated paper money, and replaced them by a metallic currency. He visited in person the public establishments, and mastered the details connected with them; reformed the administration of justice, broke up the seraglio, and kept in the palace only the Sultanas—the mothers of the Princes. He placed his nephews in the military service, and created the eldest a Pasha, instead of following the unnatural usage of the Turkish Court, which deems all the presumptive heirs of royalty to the closest seclusion, lest they should anticipate the legal succession. His own son, then only four years old, had been brought up in seclusion, though with the consent of Abdul Medjid, as a Prince. The present Sultan, among other acts of his reign, has decreed the sale of the vakoufs, or estates in mortmain belonging to religious corporations, which had long been unproductive and ruinous. He has granted a certain degree of independence to the tributary Princes of his empire—the ruler of the Danubian provinces, Wallachia and Moldavia, now united, and bearing the name of Roumania; the Viceroy of Egypt, the Bey of Tunis, the Prince of Montenegro, and the Prince of Serbia. The treatment of foreign Christians residing in Turkey has been greatly improved. They are now permitted to acquire land in all parts of the empire, with the single exception of the province of Hedjaz, on the same conditions as Turks. Those, however, who were born Turkish subjects, and afterward accepted another nationality, are excluded from this privilege. Christians who become possessors of land under the new laws are to be subject to all the burdens imposed by the Turkish code on landed proprietors.

The portrait of the Sultan which we have engraved is from a photograph by the brothers Abdullah, of Pera, Constantinople. His Imperial Majesty is accompanied in his journey by his son Yousouf Iseddin, a boy of ten years old, his nephew, Mohammed Mezar, aged twenty-seven, son of the late Sultan Abdul Medjid, and heir apparent to the throne; and another nephew, two years younger, named Abdul Ahmed. The Sultan is attended, also, by the Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs, Fuad Pasha; Kiamil Bey, Grand Master of the Ceremonies; Djemil Bey, first chamberlain; Kalid Bey, second chamberlain; Marco Pasha, principal physician to his Majesty; Clarifi Bey, principal interpreter to the Divan; several other secretaries and chamberlains, officers of the body-guard, and a number of officers, military and civil, attached to the personal service of the Sultan and to that of the three Imperial Princes.

The visit of the Sultan to the Christian countries of Europe is one of the most important events in the history of Turkey, and is indicative of a departure from the customary regime which will be productive of results that can hardly now be estimated.

Ismail Pasha, the Viceroy of Egypt.

HIS Highness Ismail Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt, who arrived in London recently, is a nephew of the late Viceroy, Said Pasha, who visited England about six years ago. He was born at Cairo in the Mohammedan year of the Hegira 1248, which is the year 1830 of the Christian era. He is the second of the three sons of Ibrahim Pasha, the redoubtable conqueror of Syria in 1841, when Mahomet Ali, his father, then ruler of Egypt, renounced his vassalage to the Sultan, and threatened not only to make Egypt an independent state, but to deprive the Turkish empire of its most valuable Asiatic provinces. Ismail was sent to France, with his brother, to be educated in the school of the *Elat Major*, or Military Staff, till his return to Egypt in 1849. These young princes maintained for some time an attitude of opposition to the government of Abbas Pasha, and in 1853 Ismail was accused of being privy to the assassination of one of the court favorites; but this accusation fell to the ground. In 1855 he again visited France on a confidential mission from his uncle, Said Pasha, to the Emperor Napoleon, and on his way home paid a visit to the Pope. He afterward held important offices under the government of Said Pasha, and was appointed Regent during the absence of the Viceroy in 1861. At the end of the same year he took command of an army of 14,000 men for the subjugation of the rebellious tribes on the Sudan frontier, a task which he promptly accomplished.

Ismail Pasha succeeded to the Viceroyalty in January, 1863. During his reign and that of his predecessor great reforms have been effected in the Egyptian Administration, and the development of agriculture and commerce has been extraordinary, which is partly due to the high price of cotton. The present Viceroy having cultivated that plant to an immense extent on his own estates, is now reckoned one of the richest men in the world. He has taken care to be on the best terms with England and France. Though his prohibition of the forced employment of the Egyptian peasantry in the works of the Suez Canal seemed at one time, three years ago, likely to check the progress of that great enterprise, the matter was speedily arranged by the influence of the Emperor Napoleon, and the ultimate completion of the canal is no longer doubtful, by which ships will be enabled to pass to and fro between the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean, to the great advantage of French, Italian and Greek navigation. The British Government, on the other hand, is much indebted to the Viceroy of Egypt for his readiness to grant every accommodation for the conveyance of the Indian mails by the railway from Alexandria to Suez, and latterly for permission to send British troops to India by that route, and to bring them home in the same way, after their respective terms of service.

The portrait engraved is from a photograph by the brothers Abdullah, of Constantinople.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

During the war a negro became a "contraband," and now in the South a copperhead official has become an "impediment." It seems that military men can deal with those who stand in their way more freely, if by some military fiction they give them a character of insensate things.

Now that the State of New York has given to married women the right to dispose of their real estate free from the control of their husbands, it is proposed that the husband shall have the same power, or in other words that the right of dowry shall be abolished. The suggestion is a good one.

In the United States Army at Springfield, Massachusetts, a museum is being formed of relics of the war, together with a complete collection of all the styles of breech-loading fire-arms in use. When will the same attention and expense be devoted to the collection of museums illustrative of the arts of peace, as is now given to those of the art of war?

The cashier of the branch office of the Freedmen's Saving and Trust Company of Mobile, Alabama, has published some statistics relating to the bank,

from which it appears that the depositors number 1,182, and the amount deposited to \$104,408. This amount is at the rate of about \$216 for every working day since the bank was opened, which was January 1, 1866. The number of deposits received is 2,395; the number of payments, 1,267; 67 per cent. of the deposits has been returned to the owners, who have invested a considerable portion of the same in real estate. Accounts have been opened with the parties named as follows: Adult male depositors, 515; female, 340; children and youth, 297; societies and associations, 32; soldiers, 10; depositors (white), 9. Aggregate amount of individual deposits (exclusive), \$55,827 04; from societies and associations, \$11,644 90; soldiers, \$2,613 60; individual deposits (white), \$4,694 85. Special deposits are repaid in specie. Two hundred deposits in gold, amounting to \$5,657 65, and 340 deposits in silver, amounting to \$3,140 40, have been received; 29 payments in gold, amounting to \$299 55, and 43 payments in silver, amounting to \$440 59, have been made.

Mr. Raphael Semmes, who gained a notoriety as the commander of the Alabama, which it would seem should lead any decent man to seek for the rest of his life as profound an obscurity as possible, keeps thrusting himself on every occasion offensively before the public. His last effort in this direction is a singularly insolent letter to General Brant of the Federal army.

It is reported that we are going to have a trial made of the Nicholson pavement, as it is to be laid in parts of several of our streets. The objections brought against it is that it is not durable; but experience appears to disprove this charge, while its noiselessness and cleanliness are claims for its excellence, which by far counterbalance this objection, even if it is true. There is not more gravel in any street of this city than there is on the boulevards of Paris, and yet none of them are paved with such noisy stone pavements as are used in this city. By all means, let us have some kind of pavement which will save our ears from the horrid racket that now assails them, and the Nicholson pavement, being of wood, is at present the best offered.

Some 6,000 dogs have been already received this year at the pound; and as it is supposed that this unusually large number is caused by the dog-hunters making raids on the surrounding country, the ward is to be lowered from fifty to twenty cents.

The reports from all sections of the country appear to agree in predicting that the harvest will be an unusually good one this year. If it should so result, it is to be hoped that it will be used in lowering the price of gold, since even the most strenuous supporters of the principle that the retention of gold is an advantage to a nation will then have an opportunity to carry out their idea.

The registration at the South has become a settled fact. It is singular to see how quickly the negroes come to be aware of their opportunity and take advantage of it. Meanwhile, large numbers of the whites refuse to have anything to do with a process which recognizes their former slaves as their political equals. Their conduct is like that of the naughty little boy spoken of in the fable, who bit off his nose in order to spite his face.

Foreign.

The King of Abyssinia refuses to give up the English captives, whom he has held in confinement for over a year, so that it is most probable that an expedition will be sent against him.

The gathering of priests and other dignitaries of the church, which recently took place at Rome, on occasion of the canonization, was suddenly scattered by the presence of cholera. So sudden was the hegira that nothing was done concerning the proposed general council, at which, it was reported, it was the intention to declare the Pope infallible.

The custom of dueling appears to be on the increase in France, and particularly among the writers on the press in Paris, and, as a consequence, insolence and swaggering is also on the increase. M. Sainte Beuve, the well-known critic, who is also a senator, is therefore the more to be praised for his absolute refusal to accept a challenge sent him by a fellow-senator, who felt himself aggrieved. In his reply, he takes the common-sense ground that he cannot see how a duel could settle anything.

At Kew, near London, there is a college founded by the International Education Society, which is a scheme in which Couden felt a great deal of interest. The object of the society is to establish colleges in the various European countries, so that the boys, by being transferred from one to the other, shall acquire the various European languages. The college at Kew is the first one established on this plan, and at its recent first anniversary, an address was issued by the directors, from which it appears that the scheme of education embraces much more than simple skill in language, but that no scholar shall pass through their course and remain ignorant of the leading truths of physical, moral or economical science, or blind to the significance of scientific method.

At a recent auction sale, in London, the original MS. of Scott's "Marion" with variations from the printed copies, sold for £199; and that of the "Lady of the Lake" for £277.

The English Government has voted during the past about \$130,000,000 for warlike purposes, and this at a time when there was no war, when they had abandoned the principle of continental interference, and when there was no danger of war, and during the same time about only \$1,000,000 for educational purposes. Yet the great argument brought against the introduction of the people into the franchise is that they are not educated to a fit point for it. These figures show how much the Tory party can do for the education of the people.

Berezowski, the Pole, who recently attempted to assassinate the Czar of Russia during his visit at Paris, has been found guilty of murder, with extenuating circumstances, and sentenced to hard labor for life. It is difficult to see how he could have been found guilty of murder, as he did not kill anybody, but perhaps the attempt to kill a Czar is equal to the murder of an ordinary man.

A Mr. Piaget has invented a machine with which the tunnel through the Alps is to be made with the use of diamonds. The diamonds are fastened to a disk, which is made to revolve with great rapidity, and being forced against the side of the tunnel, cuts away the rock. One of the machines is at work in the tunnel at Port Vendres, and cuts its way at the rate of three feet and a half an hour.

"QUAINT pickings," it has been said, "fall to the readers of curious books;" and those who read merely for amusement, and without any higher aim, may find in some of these antique tomes ample food for the most voracious appetite. Perhaps no book in the language contains more varied and out-of-the-way knowledge than Dr. George Hakewell's "Apologie." "Wherever," says Mr. French, "this goodly and corpulent folio is opened, there is always something to arrest the attention. Acting on this hint, we open the book at random, and our eye rests upon this passage: 'I confess I have often wondered not a little at Solomon's bold prophetic spirit touching that discovery [of America]—'

'In later times an age shall rise
Wherein the ocean shall the bands
Of things enlarge: there shall likewise
New worlds appear, and mighty lands
Typical discover, then shall
The world's end shall no longer be.'

THE instinctive principles of the Madeiran women are pure and beautiful. As mothers, they are unsurpassed in love and devotion to their children; as wives, they are fond, faithful and gentle; as sisters, they are generous and self-sacrificing; while as maidens, they have the character of being ardent and impassioned as lovers, tender and affectionate as husbands, and loving and indulgent as parents. In fact, it is said that Madeiran housewives never scold, Madeiran children never cry, and Madeiran masters never give way to violent temper.

The Pictorial Spirit of the European Illustrated Press.

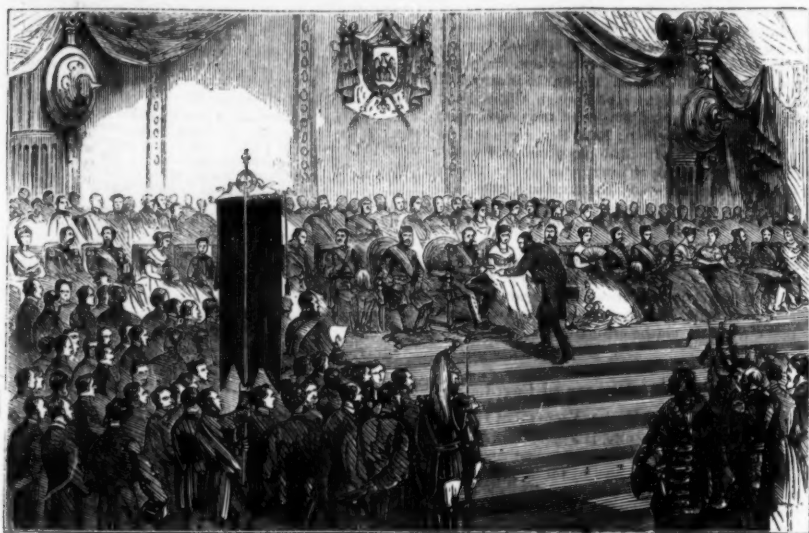


DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION—THE EMPEROR'S ARRIVAL AT THE PALACE OF INDUSTRY, CHAMPS ELYSEES.

The Distribution of the Prizes at the Paris Exposition by the Emperor.

We give this week two illustrations of the ceremony

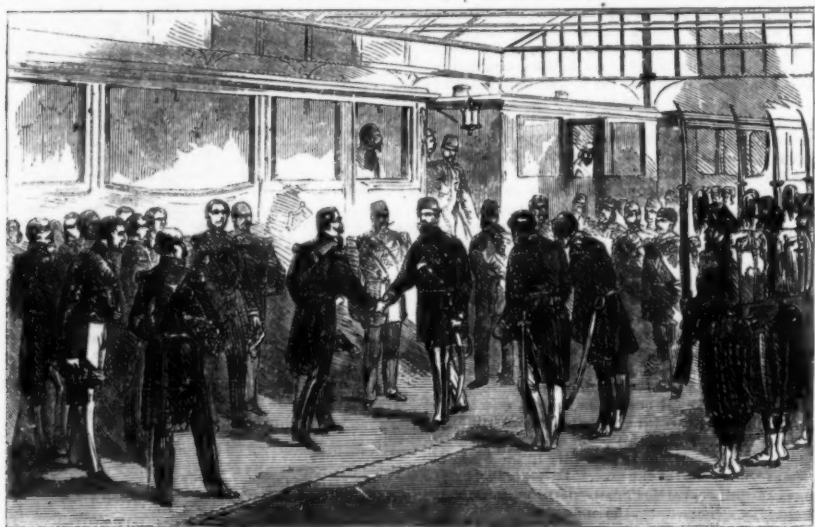
He arrived there at two o'clock precisely, in the magnificent coach used on the occasion of his marriage, and also for the baptism of the Prince Imperial. The body



DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION BY THE EMPEROR.

of distributing the prizes of the Exhibition, not in the Palace of this Exhibition, but in the Palais de l'Indus-

try, which was built for the Exhibition of 1855, in the Palais of this Exhibition, but in the Palais de l'Indus-



ARRIVAL OF THE SULTAN AT THE LYONS RAILWAY TERMINUS, PARIS.

trie, which was built for the Exhibition of 1855, in the Palais of this Exhibition, but in the Palais de l'Indus-

Emperor was preceded by members of his family and of his court in glittering equipages, and was surrounded by officers of every description in bright uniforms, and



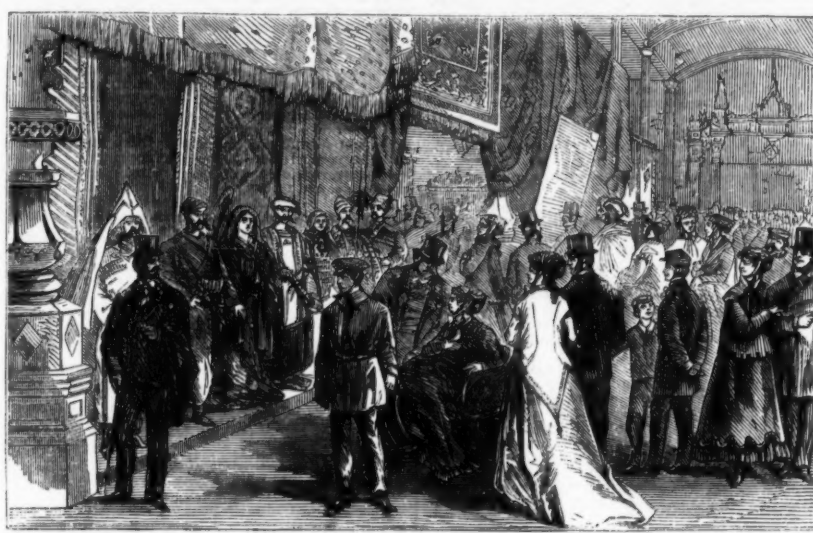
THE EMPEROR AND SULTAN PASSING THROUGH THE LYONS RAILWAY STATION.



THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND ADDRESSING THE ASSEMBLY ON THE OCCASION OF LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE ALEXANDRA ORPHANAGE.

by servants in the imperial liveries, wearing the three-cornered hat fringed with white and green feathers. The procession was led and followed by troops of Cent

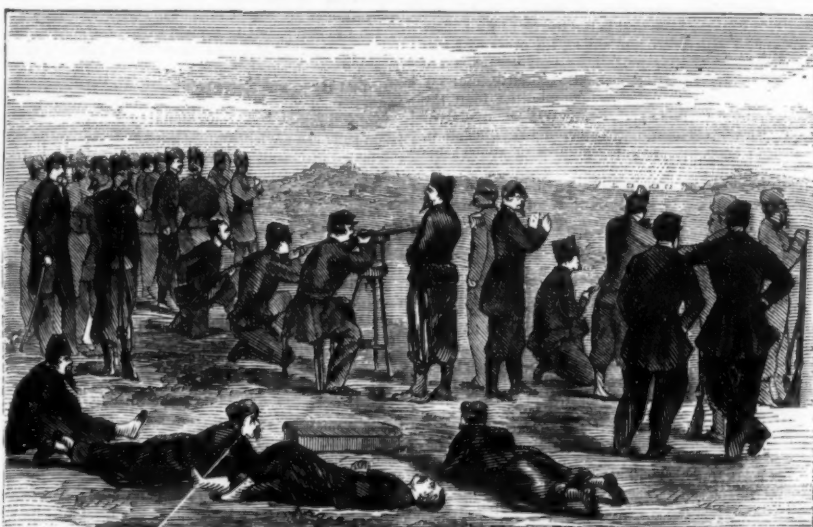
l'Industrie, decorated for the occasion, is the subject of the second of our illustrations of this ceremony. The nave of the building is a large central hall, round which



COSSACK AND CIRCASSIAN COSTUMES IN THE RUSSIAN SECTION OF GALLERY IV, PARIS EXPOSITION.

Gardes and squadrons of Lancers, whose blue and white and red uniforms had a peculiar liveliness of

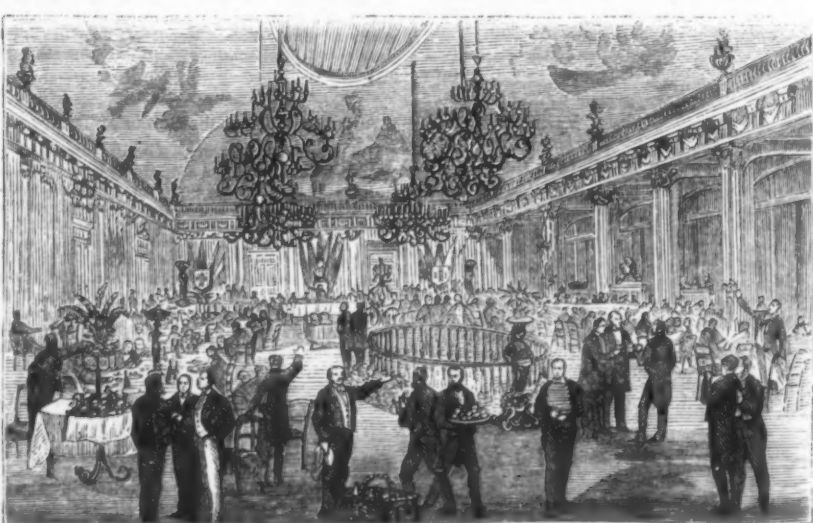
the various galleries or aisles are built—an immense oblong space, more than 220 yards in length, and covered



TRIAL SHOOTING AT LONG RANGE IN THE CAMP AT CHALONS, WITH THE CHASSEPOT RIFLE.

effect. Our first illustration shows the arrival of the Emperor at the Palais de l'Industrie, Paris, while the splendid scene of the interior of the Palais de

with one broad arch of glass. All round the floor of this vast hall were ranged, tier upon tier, rows of crimson-colored benches, enough to seat 12,000 people;



THE NATIONAL ACADEMY BANQUET AT THE HALL OF THE INTERNATIONAL CIRCLE, PARIS.



ABDUL AZIZ KHAN, SULTAN OF TURKEY.—SEE PAGE 339.



ISMAIL PASHA, G. C. B., KING OF EGYPT.—SEE PAGE 339.

and above these benches a raised gallery of light construction, which makes the circuit of the walls, offered comfortable accommodation for about 6,000 persons. These terraces of encircling benches above and below were interrupted at one point of the circuit by a great dais or platform, where the Emperor sat enthroned in the midst of his guests and his court. In the middle of the hall was a large vacant space, round which the seats—thrones, chairs and benches—were ranged, and upon the floor of which, as on a stage, the ceremony of a pageant could be easily seen from all parts of the building. The architectural arrangements were confided to M. Aldrophe, who succeeded in making as perfect an amphitheatre for a great state spectacle as it would be possible to devise.

Arrival of the Sultan at the Lyons Railway Terminus, Paris.

The scene at the Paris terminus of the Lyons and Mediterranean Railway, on the day of the Sultan's arrival, when the Emperor Napoleon went there to meet him and conduct him to the palace of the Tuilleries, is shown in our illustration. Many thousands of people assembled in the streets, near the Place de la Bastille, to see their imperial majesties pass, and the houses were decorated with flags. The interior of the railway-station was adorned with long streamers and banners, attached to a row of long flag-staffs, richly gilt; the waiting-room was splendidly fitted-up, and seats were ranged for the accommodation of privileged spectators. The special train bringing the Sultan from Toulon arrived at a quarter past four. The Emperor Napoleon met him and shook hands with him on the platform.

The Emperor and the Sultan Passing Through the Lyons Railway-Station.

We give another illustration of the ceremony of the reception of the Sultan in Paris. The two sovereigns passed through the depot, which was handsomely decorated and thronged with spectators, and immediately entered a court carriage, and, preceded by a detachment of lancers, drove off to the Tuilleries. The Emperor Napoleon was dressed in a military uniform; the Sultan also wore a military uniform, richly embroidered, and crossed by the ribbon of the Legion of Honor; on his head was the fez cap. He attempted very eagerly to enter into conversation with the Emperor, but it is said he cannot speak French with ease or fluency, so as to make himself understood. The carriage in which they took their seats was followed by nine other imperial vehicles, containing the suite of the Sultan and the Turkish Ambassador at Paris. As on previous occasions when these visits take place, the Sultan was conducted by the Emperor to the Tuilleries, where he was introduced to the Empress and the officers appointed to attend his majesty during his sojourn in the French capital. The Sultan then took his departure for the Elysée, where he has lodged.

The Duchess of Sutherland Addressing the Assembly at the Ceremony of Laying the Corner-Stone of the Alexandra Orphanage.

An institution, unique among English charities, was inaugurated recently at Hornsey Rise, in England. Somewhat less than three years ago the design was formed of establishing, in connection with the Orphan Working School, an infant orphanage for children of the very tenderest years, who, on attaining eight years of age, would pass into the parent institution. The internal arrangements were to be different from those of any existing charity in England, though the plan has been adopted with success in other European countries. The schools, the dining-hall, the domestic offices, the laundry, etc., will all be comprised in a central building, but the children will live in distinct houses, connected, however, with the main edifice by covered ways. The houses will be built in pairs, so as to accommodate each twenty-five infants, and in these the children will be placed under the care of competent nurses, who will have the entire charge of them, from their rising in the morning until they retire to rest, with the exception of the time they are under instruction. Her Royal High-

ness the Princess of Wales gave the charity its name, and became one of its first annual subscribers; it was expected, also, that when the preliminary arrangements had been completed, she would have laid the foundation-stone. In the unavoidable absence of her royal highness, the duty was undertaken by the Duchess of Sutherland, with whom, among others, were associated Earl and Countess Granville, the Duchess of San Arpino, Earl Vane and Lady F. Vane Tempest, Lord Ronald Gower, M.P., Lady Florence Gower, etc. Mr. Joseph Soul, the honorary secretary, read an address to the Duchess of Sutherland, explaining the nature and objects of the Orphanage, from which it appeared that in the short space of two years and a half ninety infant orphans had been presented for admission, of whom sixty had been elected; £4,788 8s. 4d. had been received on the ordinary account, of which £2,800 had been

applied toward the purchase of land; in addition to which contributions amounting to £4,218 had been received or promised on account of the building-fund. By the munificence of the earliest friend of the charity, the two houses occupied at present are free of rent, and the same kind friend contributed fifty guineas annually in aid of the funds. All the services rendered, except by those of the household, are entirely gratuitous. The Duchess of Sutherland surprised and gratified the entire assembly by returning an immediate answer to the address. Speaking with much feeling and entire audibility, she said: "Ladies and gentlemen—In reply to the kind words just addressed to me, you must allow me to say it is with mingled feelings of embarrassment and pride, at the request of the committee and with the sanction of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, that I take, most unworthily, her place in

laying the foundation-stone of this building, which is to bear her name. In adverting to the sad cause by which this ceremony is deprived of so much of its brilliancy and charm, I believe I express not only my own feelings, but those of every woman here, when I say that the devoted attachment and admiration felt for the Princess of Wales from the day her royal highness first touched the shores of England have been increased tenfold by the courage and cheerful brightness with which she has borne so long the suffering illness from which, by the blessing of God, she has now so nearly recovered. This good work, the nature and object of which we have just heard described, must deeply interest every heart that has itself known, or has given to others, a parent's care. May the Alexandra Orphanage prosper as it deserves!" When the applause which followed this response had subsided, the duchess was requested by Mr. Barlow the treasurer, to lay the foundation-stone of the central building. For that purpose a most elaborately-beautiful trowel had been provided. A bottle containing some archives of the usual character, having been deposited within the stone, this was lowered into its place. At the conclusion of this ceremony, ladies who had collected subscriptions in aid of the charity came forward, and the purses, with their contents, were received from each by the Duchess of Sutherland. The ceremony closed, as it opened, with prayer; and then the company took their seats at the *déjeuner*, Lord Granville presiding.

Cossack and Circassian Costumes in the Russian Section of the Great Exposition, Paris.

These costumes, worn by the native Cossacks and Circassians of the Russian empire, are not the least interesting and attractive of the contributions of Russia to the Great Exposition. There is a chance to compare in Paris at present the various costumes worn by the various nations of the world, and it is a pity that a congress of tailors could not be convened at the same time, who might, by comparison, decide upon some better costume for the civilized world than the stove-pipe hat, the tight pantaloons and the dress coat, which now rules supreme by the dictates of fashion.

Long-Range Shooting with the Chassepot Rifle at the Camp at Chalons.

The satisfaction which continues to be expressed on the subject of the shooting made with the Chassepot rifle at long range (1,000 metres) will probably result in the adoption of that gun as the weapon of the French troops. Our engraving represents the scene at the camp at Chalons during the trial at the long-range butts where the experiments were recently conducted.

The National Academy Banquet at the Hall of the International Circle, Paris.

The National Academy is a body which was organized in 1890, and has for its object the resolution of the problem of establishing an equilibrium between the three most important branches of national wealth—agriculture, manufactures and commerce. In furthering this object, the society publishes a journal, and a subscription to this is the only money demanded from its members, and constitutes the subscriber a member. Since its establishment the Academy has done a great deal of excellent work in the furtherance of its object. The banquet, of which our illustration gives a fair idea, was a complete success.

DR. CHARLES ANTHON.

CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D., distinguished as a classical scholar and teacher, died in this city on the 29th of July, in the seventieth year of his age. His father, Dr. G. C. Anthon, was by birth a German, and rose to the rank of Surgeon-General in the British army, in which he appears to have served during the greater part of the old Anglo-French war. Before resigning his commission, he had married the orphan daughter of a French officer, by whom he had numerous children. Charles, the fourth son, was born in New York in 1797,



THE LATE CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEADY.

and was educated at Columbia College, where he graduated with honor in 1815. On leaving college he commenced the study of the law in the office of his brother, Mr. John Anthon, and in 1819 was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court. The study of the law did not wean him from the study of the classics, in which his proficiency became so great, that at the early age of twenty-three he was appointed adjunct professor of languages in Columbia College. In 1830 he was made rector of the grammar-school attached to the college, and in 1835, on the resignation of Professor Moore, he was placed at the head of the classical department of that institution. As an instructor of youth Dr. Anthon had few superiors. His deportment to his pupils was uniformly kind and indulgent, and when appointed rector of the grammar-school he conferred on the public schools of his native city six free scholarships. Dr. Anthon was an early river and an indefatigable worker. In 1822 he produced a new and most valuable edition of "Lempriere's Classical Dictionary;" in 1830 a large edition of the "Odes of Horace," with copious notes and a learned commentary; and, despite his incessant academical labors, he also found leisure to revise and prepare for publication some fifty volumes of Greek and Latin authors.

In preparing his editions of the classics, Dr. Anthon made free use of the labors of European scholars in the same direction. This was certainly the right course; but as an editor he has been blamed for not giving credit, frankly and fully, to those whose labors and discoveries he used, and this charge has somewhat dimmed his reputation as a scholar. His editions, however, are certainly the best, as a whole, which have been issued in this country, and have had a great influence in promoting the study of the classics.

ON THE BEACH.

THE mosses round the rock-path stand;
The pebbles shine along the beach;
I sit and watch the white wave reach
The line below the drying sand!

The weigh of anchor at the noon,
The mooring in the still of night;
The flutter of the sea-gull's flight,
The stars that glimmer all too soon—

These may be mine. What though alone
I wander when the eves begin,
To see the ships sail out and in—
Though he to his long South has flown!

Yet are my walks for ever here,
As all my thoughts in him are lost;
The wave that his poor vessel tossed
Is calmer now. I wander near,

As though from out the sea my heart
New courage drank, new life acquired!
With eyes that never once have tired
I note each little ship depart.

Here will I wait his wave—the one
Whose ebbing ends upon his shore—
Washing where he has washed before—
Whose silver track will guide me on.

Some day such wave will come, I know;
And, as I stand, will carry me—
Will wash my tears within the sea!.....
Till then I wait! I pray to go!

A Recovered Treasure.

CHAPTER I.

It was on board of the steamer Diana. She had left the city of Louisville four days previous, bound for New Orleans.

Around a small table in the gentleman's cabin, at which were seated two men deeply engrossed in a game of cards, were gathered a group of spectators, some sitting, others standing, but all seeming to watch the varying fortunes of the game with intense interest. To the left of the players stood a young man of peculiarly striking appearance, dressed in a suit of dark blue cloth, and wearing one of those broad felt hats so much in favor at the West and South. He stood in an attitude of careless ease watching the game, indicating not by the slightest sign the deep interest with which he waited for a denouement that, sooner or later, he knew must come.

Of the players, one was a man of iron frame, with deep olive complexion and piercing black eyes; his hair, also black, worn in long ringlets, that, had it not been for his clear-cut, prominent features, would have given him an appearance of effeminacy. He was superbly dressed, and diamonds of value sparkled upon his clear, well-shapen hand and the snowy bosom of his shirt. The other was a man of slighter build, with complexion indicative of exposure to the sun, dressed with more regard to ease and comfort than appearance, pre-eminently a Southern man. The first was a professional gamster; the latter an Alabama planter.

Two men had arisen from the table at which these were playing, almost ruined, and each time the vacated chair had been taken in response to the gambler's suave request that "Some gentleman would do him the honor."

The planter, while standing a spectator, had detected that the wonderful success of the gambler was not wholly due to superior skill or good fortune, and, turning to the young man in blue, he had remarked, in a low voice:

"I will unmask the knavery that cunning villain has practiced if it cost me my life!"

And stepping forward, he had taken the chair but a moment before vacated by a young man who had lost his last dime.

The gambler played guardedly and so dextrously that even the keen eye of the planter could not discover the slightest unfairness; but at last his unremitting watchfulness was rewarded, and glancing calmly around upon the circle of expectant faces, he slowly pushed his chair back and rose to his feet. The gambler also pushed back his chair, but instead of rising, thrust his right hand into his bosom, and, leaning forward slightly, placed his left upon the spoils, regarding the

planter with a surprised, inquiring look; and the young man in blue, his listlessness of manner all gone, advanced a few steps and awaited what the planter should say with eager interest.

"Gentlemen, this man is a swindler; I will prove it." And taking up the cards, the planter continued, "You will please observe that—"

With a fierce oath the gambler sprang to his feet, his bowie flashed aloft for an instant, and descending, would have struck the planter to the heart, but a strong arm arrested its downward course, and as the glittering weapon fell upon the table with a ring, the baffled villain sprang backward, an involuntary cry of pain escaping his lips. The young stranger confronted him, exclaiming:

"Coward! would you add murder to your crimes?"

The gambler drew his breath hard through his closed teeth, and a look of fiendish passion passed over his face as he regarded with glaring eyes the man who had defeated his hellish purpose, and then with the agility of a tiger sprang forward, overturning in his blind rage the little table, and scattering upon the floor his golden harvest, where it rolled about among the feet of the bystanders unheeded; for there be times when man forgets even his love of gold. Tripping over this unseen obstacle, he fell prone upon the floor, and ere he could rise, a dozen strong arms had grasped him and bore him from the cabin. Swiftly they bore him to the hurricane deck, stopping a little abaft of the wheel-house, and placing him upon his feet. Then one of his carriers brought him a small stool, which he took without uttering a word, for he knew well the uselessness of attempting to remonstrate with the stern men who had him so completely in their power. They lifted him from the deck again, and extending himself as rigidly as he could, with the little stool grasped tightly to his breast, he awaited his fate. A few swings backward and forward to gain momentum, and the gambler shot from the boat with a heavy plunge into the turbid waters of the Mississippi. He sank, but quickly rose to the surface, and struck out boldly for the Tennessee shore, which the crowd of spectators assembled upon the deck and guards saw him reach in safety, and clamber up the bank.

As the young man who had saved the planter's life entered the cabin, after witnessing the summary punishment administered to the gambler, the planter, who had been watching eagerly for his appearance, advanced, and said, warmly, as the young man took his proffered hand:

"My friend, I owe you a debt which I can never fully repay. You have saved my life, and if at any future time my services can be of value to you, remember that you may to the fullest extent command them, and do not hesitate to do so. My name is Gordon Rhett; whom have I to thank?"

The young stranger bowed, and said, as he handed the planter his card:

"You rate too highly, sir, the slight service I have rendered you. I had been less than a coward to have refused it."

Glancing at the card, the planter read:

"WILLIAM COLEY,
New York City."

In the few days that passed ere Coley left the boat at Vicksburg, these two men became warm friends, and parted, promising to meet again at no distant day, Will accepting the planter's warmly-urged invitation to visit him at his plantation, near Montgomery, Alabama.

From Vicksburg, Coley took the cars for Jackson, and after remaining in the capital a few weeks with a friend, resumed his journey to Mobile.

It was a cloudy, unpleasant afternoon when Coley reached the little town of M—. From thence to L— Springs, a distance of some eighty miles, the railroad was incomplete, and passengers for Mobile were compelled to travel the intervening space in an old stage-coach which had been provided for the purpose.

Eighty miles, part of the way through the piney woods, was no agreeable prospect to contemplate, and yet, although the night gave promise of being a stormy one, our traveler decided to continue his journey, rather than accept of the poor accommodations afforded by the miserable little hotel of the village. The other travelers, however, preferred remaining, and for twenty miles Will was the only occupant of the coach—at least he judged about that distance had been accomplished when the stage was stopped, and, after some parley with the driver, the door was opened, and a man, wrapped in a deep cloak, entered, taking the opposite seat.

For an hour previous the darkness had been increasing, and a light rain that made a not unpleasant, although somewhat monotonous music, as it beat upon the top and against the windows of the stage, had begun to fall. With the advent of the stranger, however, and the closing in of night, the storm that had been gathering all the day, burst with great violence. The wind howled dismally through the tall pines, and the rain seemed to fall in torpents. The darkness was opaque; nothing could be distinguished from the windows save when a lurid blaze of lightning lit up for a moment with its ghastly glare the dark boles of the pines and the dripping leaves of the smaller undergrowth. The old stage awayed and pitched as it rumbled over the rough corduroy road like a ship in a heavy sea.

Will made several attempts to engage the stranger in conversation, but all to no purpose. A grunt of assent, scarcely heard above the noise of the storm, was the only notice taken of his observations, and at length relinquishing all hope of obtaining amusement from that quarter, he settled himself as comfortably as circumstances would permit for a nap. He had but sunk into that dreamy, half-conscious state which precedes sleep, when he was aroused by the stopping of the stage.

The storm had somewhat abated, and Will could distinctly hear the driver clambering down from his perch. After some slight attention to his horses, Jehu opened the door and announced:

"Gwine to stop here to change horses, gentlemen, an' you can git out an' git somethin' to eat at this er house. I reckon you'll need it afore mornin'."

Will looked out and could just see through the gloom of the night a faint flickering light in the direction the driver had designated as "over here."

Glad of an opportunity to stretch his tired limbs and a little hungry after the tedious ride, Will jumped lightly from the coach and started for the house, his fellow traveler remaining in the stage.

The journey was resumed with fresh horses and a new driver, slightly the worse for the numerous potatoes in which he had indulged, to protect him from the storm.

The rain had ceased in the course of an hour more, but the wind blew violently, and seemed to increase each moment. The leathern curtains flapped wildly as the old coach plunged onward, and the keen, searching wind penetrated every crack and loosened joint of the ancient vehicle.

Will wrapped his heavy traveling shawl about him closely, and gradually becoming accustomed to the sounds around him, sank into a deep sleep.

His awakening was sudden. He struggled to rise, to cast off the weight upon his chest that seemed fairly to crush the breath from his body, to remove the iron grip from his throat, but in vain. A sharp pang in his side, a blow upon the head, and he knew no more.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN consciousness returned to Coley, it was morning. The old stage was perfectly still, and the door stood open, the window broken as if by a violent blow. Will gazed around him for a moment in utter astonishment, unable to account for his being in so singular a situation. Then the struggle of the previous night came to his mind. The sudden awakening, the pain in his side as from a sharp instrument, the blow upon the head, and darkness. He recalled it all, and as he did so, instinctively sought for the wound. The thick shawl he had wrapped about him had saved his life. The knife had penetrated, however, sufficiently deep to occasion considerable loss of blood, leaving him in a very weakened condition, and as he essayed to get from the stage, he painfully realized the fact. It was of no use, he could not get out, and resigning himself with a sigh to the fate that Providence had in store for him, he fell back into his former position and awaited the events the day should bring forth.

It was a beautiful morning, and the fresh air that came in at the open door was pungent with the odor of the pines. The partridge drummed merrily in the wood, and a mocking-bird sang sweetly on a bough near by. On one side of the road was a deep wood, on the other an extensive cotton field. More than this Will could not discover, and puzzled his brain in vain conjectures as to the reason why the old coach occupied its present quiet position.

Where was the driver? Fast asleep upon his seat in drunken slumber. The horses, poor brutes, had, under the skillful guidance of his hand, brought up against a fence, and unable to go further in consequence of that insurmountable obstacle, stood quietly breasting the rails, looking off into the field, the picture of patience unrewarded.

Slowly the hours passed. Coley had just glanced at his watch, and that faithful monitor had informed him that it was nearly seven, when there broke upon his ear a sound which made him start instantly to an upright position, listening intently. It was the quick gallop of a horse crossing a bridge; and presently came in sight a young lady riding at a rapid pace, accompanied by a negro. As she came opposite the coach, the singularity of the scene seemed to cause astonishment, for she reined in her horse, and looked curiously at the ludicrous picture presented, and as her quick eye comprehended the whole, a clear ringing laugh burst from her lips, and pointing with the handle of her riding-whip to the old stage, she said to her attendant:

"Cato, see if there is any one in the stage."

The negro dismounted, and slipping the bridle over his arm, advanced to do his mistress's bidding. Coley gazed with admiration upon the lovely face turned toward him. She realized fully those lines of Hood's:

"On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripened; such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.
Around her eyes her tresses lay—
Which were blackest none could say;
But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been all too bright."

Will had heard the command given to the negro, and when his grinning face was thrust inquiringly into the stage, Coley said pleasantly:

"Good-morning, boy."

Doffing his hat instantly, the old fellow bowed profoundly as he replied:

"Morning, mas'er."

"Ask your mistress to drive nearer, so that I may speak with her."

"Yes, mas'er," and he went toward the young lady, who had been watching with apparent interest the result of his investigation. Coley could perceive as the message was delivered that she was not altogether pleased with the nature of it. She appeared to question the negro closely, but in tones so low that Will could not catch their import. A cold, proud look swept over the face that a moment before had been so bright and smiling. She hesitated a moment, glanced up the road, and drove slowly up to the stage door, bowed haughtily in answer to Coley's salutation, and awaited what he had to say. Will explained in as concise a manner as possible his situation. She listened attentively as he proceeded, the look of pride giving place to one of pity, and when he ceased speaking, she said:

"My uncle's plantation is but a short distance from here. I will ride home and send some of

ur people to convey you to the house. Good-morning."

And inclining her head slightly, she wheeled her horse and drove off at a quick pace, leaving her sable squire in charge of the wounded man.

Her mission was promptly executed, and Coley was in a short time domiciled beneath the roof of Colonel Peyton at Pine Grove.

Under the kind and thoughtful treatment of the colonel's household, and more particularly the watchful care of his lovely niece, Coley rapidly regained health and strength. Emilie and he became warm friends, for there is nothing that will so quickly awaken in a woman's heart the feelings which are the true bonds of friendship as the call upon her for sympathy. So proud Emilie Peyton learned to look upon the young stranger whom Providence had cast so unceremoniously upon her care as a valued friend. Many an hour that would have passed slowly and wearily was to him made pleasant by her presence, and he, on his part, began to look forward to the swiftly approaching time when he should be deprived of her society with feelings of regret. Was it wonderful that, under circumstances so well calculated to awaken and nurture the tender passion, he should have learned to love his gentle nurse—nay, rather, would it not have been singular had he failed to do so? But be that as it may, he did learn to love her, truly and well, and one bright afternoon as they sat together upon the broad veranda, he told her of his affection, and received from her the soft, low-spoken reply that, since the creation of the world, has rejoiced the heart of the successful wooer.

At the time of Coley's advent at Pine Grove, and during the slight illness that followed, Colonel Peyton had been absent from home.

One morning at breakfast Emilie announced that her uncle might be expected home in the course of the day. Will waited with impatience for his coming, and an uneasiness he could not account for took possession of him. The day passed, but brought no Colonel Peyton; the evening followed, and he came not.

About midnight Coley was aroused from a light-uneasy slumber, by a strange, unaccountable feeling, that there was some one in his room. He thought a moment, and it occurred to him that he had forgotten to lock the door, as was his usual custom, before retiring. His face was turned toward the wall, and as he became more fully awake his wondering eyes beheld, shadowed upon its white surface, the exaggerated form of a man's hand. He gazed steadily at the apparition a moment, rubbed his eyes to make sure he was really awake, and looked again. Yes, it was there still; and this time, as he gazed, moved slightly, with an upward motion.

Will was no coward, and turned quickly toward the opposite side of the room to ascertain the cause of the singular phenomenon, and there a sight greeted his eyes which made him start in amazement, a cold shiver ran through his frame, and it was with difficulty he repressed the desire to leap from the bed.

The door was wide open, and about half way between it and the bed two men stood talking, softly, together. One, a short, thick-set, ill-favored man, held in his right hand a small lamp, which he shaded with his left. It was this that made the shadow on the wall. This manner of holding the lamp threw the light full upon the face of him who held it, but left his companion, who stood a little nearer the bed, in complete shadow.

Will could plainly distinguish the face of one, while of the other he could discover no more than that he was tall and stout. Coley could catch only the murmur of guarded voices. The slight noise made by his changing his position attracted the attention of the smaller man, who said, in a somewhat louder tone:

"I say, Colonel, that fellow's gittin' uneasy; he'll wake up an' ketch us here ef we ain't mighty keeful, an' that 'ud spile all; let's go down-stairs and finish this er little thing, eh?"

"Well, lead the way," said the other, in a voice strangely familiar to Coley's ear. Before doing so he stepped up to the bed and flashed the light in the young man's face. Coley had divined his intention, and assumed an appearance of deep sleep.

"Only turned over, Colonel; sleeps like a log." As they turned to leave the room the light was thrown upon the face of the taller man, and Coley recognized instantly the gambler of the Diana.

The door closed softly after them as they passed out, and, rising quickly, Coley dressed himself with all possible expedition, and then sat down to cogitate upon the best mode of extricating himself from the rather delicate situation in which he was placed. Several plans suggested themselves, but none that he could accept, some insuperable obstacle to the accomplishment of each presenting itself. Presently a low tap upon the door disturbed the thread of his thought and attracted his attention; it was repeated, and, rising, he went to open the door.

It was locked!

"Who is it?" he inquired.

"I, Emilie," came in a sharp whisper through the key-hole, and then, "Look under the door."

Will passed his hand slowly along the carpet until his fingers struck a small folded paper, which he clutched eagerly, went to the table, struck a light, and read:

"Hasten as quickly as you can to the oak grove beyond the spring in the rock. I will be there; go, if you love me."

E."

Coley read the note through twice, folded it slowly and thoughtfully, placed it in his pocket, and prepared to make his departure. Collecting all his valuables, and securing his money-belt about his person, he extinguished the light and gently raised the window. This window was on the side of the house, and opened upon the roof of a broad veranda. Creeping softly over the tin roof to the eaves, and thence along to one of the slight columns that supported it, he lowered

himself to the capital and descended quickly to the railing, leaping lightly to the ground and disappearing in the deep shadows of the trees.

Coley found Emilie awaiting his coming with anxiety. She related, in as few words as possible, the manner in which she had come in possession of the knowledge that her uncle designed revenging himself upon the young man for some insult, the nature of which she did not understand. She had overheard Colonel Peyton and his overseer discussing the best manner of putting the young man out of the way. They had finally decided that the overseer should do the work, and have the money and valuables the young man was supposed to have about him, as compensation, and in addition a sum from the Colonel proportionate to the risk run in putting the design into effect. The overseer had sworn that, though he had failed once, this time his work should be done well.

"And now, Will," said Emilie, when she had concluded the narrative, "do not, for my sake, remain here longer; my uncle would not hesitate to shoot you if an opportunity offered and he could give some plausible reason for the act. He will follow as soon as he finds you have escaped. I thought of that, and ordered my faithful Cato to bring my horse here for you."

Will was reluctant to leave Pine Grove in a manner which appeared to his brave nature like cowardice, but the young girl urged him so warmly that at length he consented to go, and mounted the horse she had thoughtfully provided.

"It is not a question of bravery or cowardice, Will," she said, "but of prudence."

He bent from the saddle and pressed a kiss upon the lips of the brave girl, and said:

"I will go, Emilie, but be sure that I shall come again, and that before long. Will you be ready to go with me then, my darling?"

"Yes, Will, I shall be ready to go. Good-by."

"Good-by, Emilie;" and giving his horse the reins, he disappeared in the darkness of the night.

CHAPTER III.

GORDON RHETT and Coley sat together smoking in the room of the latter at the B—le House, Mobile. Will had accidentally met his friend as he came out of the telegraph office, and had invited Rhett to his room, telling him that he was just the man he wanted to see; he was in trouble, and wanted his advice, and Rhett had accompanied him.

"Well, my friend," said Rhett, when a half hour had passed, and Will had touched upon none but general topics, "what is the subject upon which you wish advice?"

Coley took a few puffs at his cigar, and throwing his head back, watched the curling smoke with half-closed eyes, as he replied:

"The fact is, Rhett, I'm in rather a bad fix."

"Ah! what kind of a fix—not a love scrape, I hope?"

"Well, yes; I suppose it will come under that caption;" and thereupon Will related to his friend the trials through which he had passed since they parted at Vicksburg.

"And all this suffering in consequence of your having the manliness and courage to help a fellow-mortal in his hour of need! But never mind, my friend, you shall marry Emilie yet; don't despair."

"Despair! never fear; while there is life there is hope, you know."

"Yes; but what steps have you taken thus far?"

"Well, I have telegraphed for my friend Ed Downes; didn't for a moment expect to meet you, and I knew that I must have some help."

"That was a good step; when will your friend reach here?"

"Can't say with any certainty; probably in a week, or ten days at furthest. I shall know to-night; have been to the telegraph already twice; the last time left orders to have the message sent here to my room."

"We shall have ample time to arrange our plans and be all ready to go to work when your friend arrives. Cheer up, my boy; success is certain."

Will's reply was interrupted by a knock upon the door; he sprang up and opened it. A negro handed him an envelope, and said:

"Dis communication am directed to dis yere room, sar."

"All right, boy," said Will, taking the missive from his hand and closing the door. He tore open the envelope, and read the dispatch; then crossing the room to where Rhett was sitting, he said:

"It is from my friend, and just like him; I should know it from its terseness, listen:

"I start for Mobile to-night. E. W. D."

Upon the veranda at Pine Grove, a short time after the events recorded above, Emilie Peyton sat reading. Suddenly her attention was drawn from her book by the sound of approaching footsteps; but only for a moment; her uncle had passed down the stairs a short time before, and thinking it was he returning, she resumed her reading. The footsteps came quickly and lightly up the stairs, too lightly to be those of her uncle, and glancing up curiously to see who the intruder might be, her eyes fell upon the advancing form of Will Coley. A low cry of joy burst from her lips, and she was clasped in his arms.

"Emilie!"

"Will!"

For a moment neither spoke, and then Coley said:

"I have come for you, my darling; are you ready to go with me?"

"Yes; but oh, Will, what a risk you have run! My uncle is in the garden now, and how are we to escape without being detected?"

"I am not alone; two friends are with me who will give all the assistance that may be necessary."

"What is the meaning of all this?" thundered a voice, and with a start the lovers turned and



beheld Colonel Peyton glowering upon them. "Emilie! take your arms from about that man's neck instantly;" but the young girl clung only the closer, regardless of all else but the safety of her lover.

In the doorway stood the overseer, and drawing forth a revolver, he coolly aimed it at the young man's head; not perceiving this, the colonel sprang forward to enforce his command. It was a fatal step. The sharp report of a pistol rang out upon the air, and the gamester fell, with a moan, at the feet of the lovers, mortally wounded. The overseer gazed with horror upon the work he had done, and then flinging the pistol upon the floor, sprang lightly over the veranda railing and disappeared, as Coley bore the form of the fainting girl into the house, and his friends, alarmed by the report of the pistol, rushed up the veranda steps.

The gambler was dying, and beside his bed sat Gordon Rhett. He had come to hear a confession which Colonel Peyton had expressed a desire to make ere he died.

They had been friends and companions—these two men—in early youth and manhood; but their paths had parted when Gordon Rhett married lovely Mary King, and for many years they had not met to recognize each other, until a few days previous Rhett had made the discovery that Colonel Peyton, the gamester who had attempted his life, and the friend of his youth, were the same.

"I have wronged you deeply, Gordon," said the dying man, "and have sent for you in order that I may in a measure repair the wrong!" He paused a moment, and then continued, speaking with difficulty: "Until we both loved the same woman you and I were close friends, Gordon. Would to God she had never come between us—but that is past. You were the fortunate suitor, while I with all my wealth was rejected. You were poor, but she loved you. You had succeeded when I had failed, and from the day I learned that Mary King was to be your bride all my affection for you was turned to gall and bitterness."

Peyton was silent again for a moment, and then resumed:

"The war with Mexico broke out, and greeting with joy an event which promised me excitement and forgetfulness of my sorrow, I joined the strife. I entered the army a warm-hearted, impulsive youth, and left it at the close of the war a sinful man and confirmed gambler. I did not attempt to drown my grief in the wine-cup, as many would have done, but sought the excitement of the gaming-table, where for the time being at least I had forgetfulness of the past."

Again he paused, and after a few moments continued:

"One day while out riding near Montgomery I came upon a nurse and child by the river. The lovely face of the little girl struck me as familiar, and yet I knew that I had never seen the child before. In answer to my inquiry as to whom the child belonged the nurse informed me that her name was Florence—her father, Gordon Rhett. The face of the child haunted me, and a desire to possess it, that increased each time that I saw her, took possession of me, and finally I bribed a man to steal her from her nurse."

Thus far Rhett had listened to the recital with a cold, stern face and compressed lips, but now he arose and paced the room hurriedly, with bowed head, and hands clasped nervously behind him. The dying man ceased speaking, and watched him with sad, repentant eyes. Rhett presently resumed his seat, saying:

"Go on, go on."

"There is but little more to tell. You know how the child was supposed to have been drowned while near the river playing."

"Yes; we supposed her drowned; but go on, man; what became of my little darling?"

"I brought her to Pine Grove and reared her as my niece; but she never loved me."

"And Emilie Peyton—"

"Is your daughter."

"I see it all now—that wonderful resemblance to my wife!" exclaimed Rhett, starting up.

"Yes," said the gamester. "She looks like

Mary, and that was why I loved her. My old friend, for the sake of the past forgive me, forgive me!" exclaimed the dying man, starting and stretching out his arms imploringly toward the planter.

Rhett regarded him a moment ere he replied, and then said, while a look of pity for the victim of misguided and ungoverned passions rested on his sunburnt face:

"Gordon Peyton, for the sake of the past I forgive you, though your cold, unfeeling cruelty broke the heart of my poor wife," and as he ceased speaking the planter bowed his head in his hands, and wept.

"God bless you, Gordon, and—" with a quick gasp for breath the gamester threw up his arms and fell back upon the pillow—dead.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

THE THIRTY-SECOND LECTURE.—MRS. CAUDLE DISCOURSES OF MAIDS OF-ALL-WORK AND MAIDS IN GENERAL.—MR. CAUDLE'S "INFAMOUS BEHAVIOR" TEN YEARS AGO.

"THERE now, it isn't my intention to say a word to-night, Mr. Caudle. No; I want to go to sleep, if I can; for after what I've gone through to-day, and with the headache I've got—and if I haven't left my smelling-salts on the mantel-piece, on the right-hand corner just as you go into the room—nobody could miss it—I say, nobody could miss it—in a little green bottle, and—well, there you lie like a stone, and I might perish and you wouldn't move. Oh, my poor head! But it may open and shut, and what do you care?"

"Yes, that's like your feeling, just. I want my salts, and you tell me there's nothing like being still for a headache. Indeed? But I'm not going to be still; so don't you think it. That's just how a woman's put upon. But I know your aggravation—I know your art. You think to keep me quiet about that minx Kitty—your favorite, sir! Upon my life, I'm not to discharge my own servant without—but she shall go. If I had to do all the work myself, she shouldn't stop under my roof. I can see how she looks down upon me. I can see a great deal, Mr. Caudle, that I never choose to open my lips about—but I can't shut my eyes. Perhaps it would have been better for my peace of mind if I always could. Don't say that. I'm not a foolish woman, and I know very well what I'm saying. I suppose you think I forget that Rebecca? I know it's ten years ago that she lived with us—but what's that to do with it? Things aren't the less true for being old, I suppose. No; and your conduct, Mr. Caudle, at that time—if it was a hundred years ago—I should never forget. What? I shall always be the same silly woman? I hope I shall—I trust I shall always have my eyes about me in my own house. Now, don't think of going to sleep, Caudle; because, as you've brought this up about that Rebecca, you shall hear me out. Well, I do wonder that you can name her! Eh? You didn't name her? That's nothing at all to do with it; for I know just as well what you think, as if you did. I suppose you'll say that you didn't drink a glass of wine to her? Never? So you said at the time, but I've thought of it for ten long years, and the more I've thought, the surer I am of it. And at that very time—if you please to recollect—at that very time little Jack was a baby. I shouldn't have so much cared but for that; but he was hardly running alone, when you nodded and drank a glass of wine to that creature. No; I'm not mad, and I'm not dreaming. I saw how you did it—and the hypocrisy made it worse and worse. I saw you when the creature was just behind my chair, you took up a glass of wine, and saying to me, 'Margaret,' and then lifting up your eyes to the bold minx, and saying, 'my dear,' as if you wanted me to believe that you spoke only to me, when I could see you laugh at her behind me. And at that time little Jack wasn't on his feet. What do you say? Heaven forgive me? Ha! Mr. Caudle, it's you that ought to ask for that; I'm safe enough, I am; it's you who should ask to be forgiven."

"No, I wouldn't slander a saint—and I didn't take away the girl's character for nothing. I know she brought an action for what I said; and

I know you had to pay damages for what you call my tongue—I well remember all that. And serve you right; if you hadn't laughed at her, it wouldn't have happened. But if you will make free with such people, of course you're sure to suffer for it. 'Twould have served you right if the lawyer's bill had been double. Damages, indeed! Not that anybody's tongue could have damaged her!"

"And now, Mr. Caudle, you're the same man you were ten years ago. What? You hope so? The more shame for you. At your time of life, with all your children growing up about you, to—What am I talking of? I know very well; and so would you, if you had my conscience, which you haven't. When I say I shall discharge Kitty, you say she's a very good servant, and I shan't get a better. But I know why you think her good; you think her pretty, and that's enough for you; as if girls who work for their bread have any business to be pretty—which she isn't. Pretty servants, indeed! going mincing about with their fal-lal faces, as if even the flies would spoil 'em. But I know what a bad man you are—now, it's no use your denying it; for didn't I overhear you talking to Mr. Prettyman, and didn't you say that you couldn't bear to have ugly servants about you? I ask you—didn't you say that? Perhaps you did? You don't blush to confess it? If your principles, Mr. Caudle, aren't enough to make a woman's blood run cold!"

"Oh, yes! you've talked that stuff again and again; and once I might have believed it; but I know a little more of you now. You like to see pretty servants, just as you like to see pretty statues, and pretty pictures, and pretty flowers, and anything in nature that's pretty, just, as you say, for the eye to feed upon. Yes; I know your eyes—very well. I know what they were ten years ago; for shall I ever forget that glass of wine when little Jack was in arms? I don't care if it was a thousand years ago, it's as fresh as yesterday, and I never will cease to talk of it. When you know me, how can you ask it?"

"And now you insist upon keeping Kitty, when there's no having a bit of crockery for her? That girl would break the Bank of England—I know she would—if she was to put her hand upon it. But what's a whole set of blue china to her beautiful blue eyes? I know that's what you mean, though you don't say it."

"Oh, you needn't lie groaning there, for you don't think I shall ever forget Rebecca. Yes—it's very well for you to swear at Rebecca now—but you didn't swear at her then, Mr. Caudle, I know. 'Margaret my dear!' Well, how you can have the face to look at me—You don't look at me? The more shame for you."

"I can only say, that either Kitty leaves the house, or I do. Which is it to be, Mr. Caudle? Eh? You don't care? Both? But you're not going to get rid of me in that manner, I can tell you. But for that trollope—now, you may swear and rave as you like—You don't intend to say a word more? Very well; it's no matter what you say—her quarter's up on Tuesday, and go she shall. A soup-plate and a basin went yesterday."

"A soup-plate and a basin, and when I've the headache as I have, Mr. Caudle, tearing me to pieces! But I shall never be well in this world—never. A soup-plate and a basin!"

"She slept," writes Caudle, "and poor Kitty left on Tuesday."

MOHAMMEDANISM.—Concerning the future state, the Mohammedan believes that all will be examined at the Day of Judgment as to their words and actions in this life. Their time, as to how they spent it; their wealth, by what means they acquired it, and how they employed it; their bodies, wherein they exercised them; their knowledge and learning, what use they made of them, &c. They enter Paradise, however, not by their own good works, but by the mercy of God. At that day each person will make his defense in the best manner he can, endeavoring to find excuses for his own conduct by casting blame on others; so much so, that disputes shall even arise between the Soul and Body. The Soul saying, "Lord, I was created without a hand to lay hold with, a foot to walk with, an eye to see with, or an understanding to apprehend with, until I came and entered the Body; therefore punish it, but deliver me." The Body, on the other side, will make this apology, "Lord, thou createdst me like a stock of wood, being neither able to hold with my hand, nor to walk with my feet, till this Soul, like a ray of light, entered into me, and my tongue began to speak, my eye to see, and my foot to walk; therefore punish it, but deliver me." Then shall the following parable be propounded: "A certain king having a pleasant garden, in which were ripe fruits, set two persons to keep it, one of whom was blind, and the other lame—the former not being able to see the fruit, nor the latter to gather it. The lame man, however, seeing the fruit, persuaded the blind man to take him on his shoulders, and by that means he easily gathered the fruits, which they divided between them. The lord of the garden coming some time after, and inquiring after the fruit, each began to excuse himself; the blind man said he had no eyes to see it with, and the lame man said he had no feet to approach the trees. Then the king, ordering the lame man to be set on the blind, passed sentences on them both, and punished them together. In like manner shall he judge the Body and the Soul."

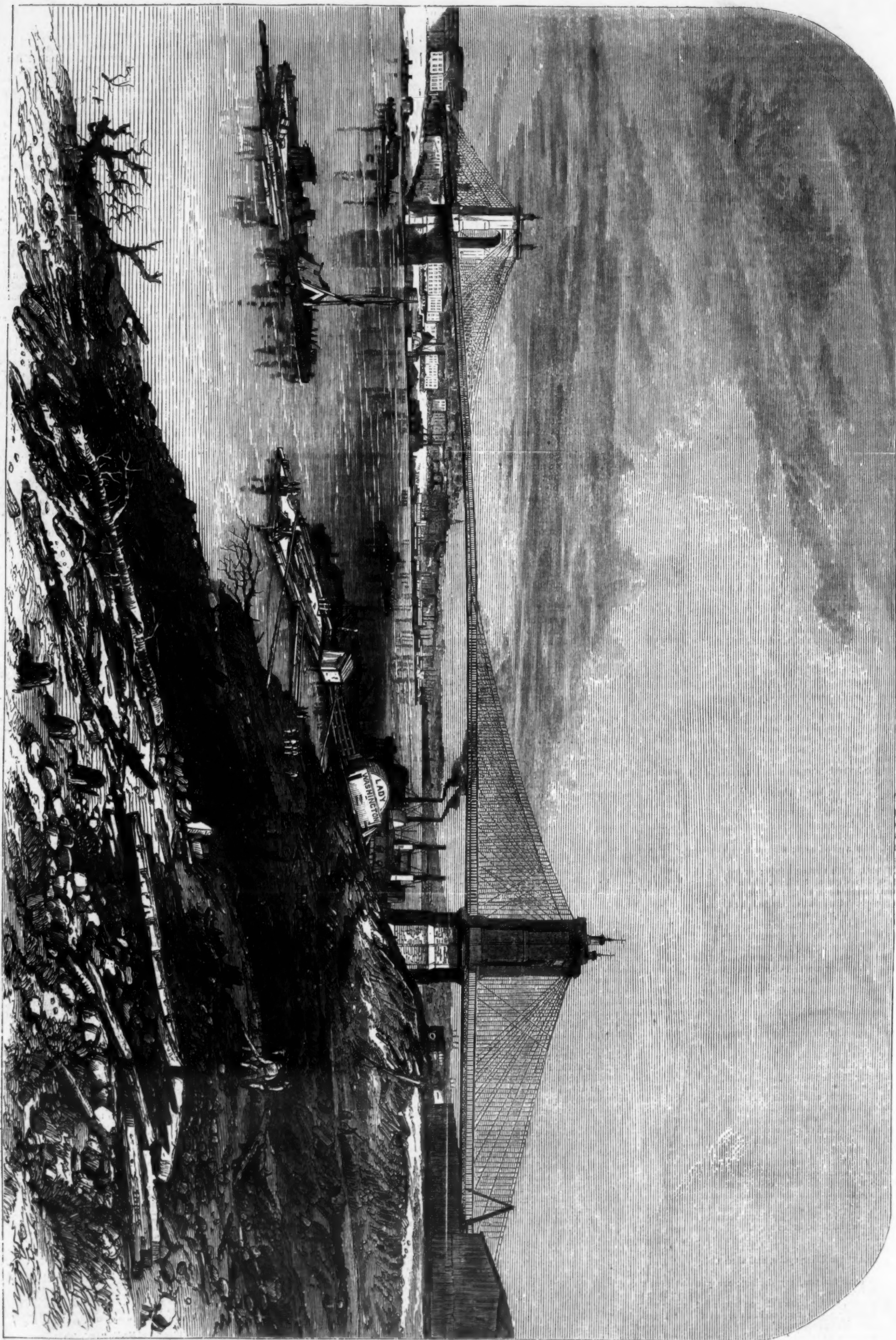
In a collection of letters which we lately examined, there was a very interesting one by a contemporary of Dr. Johnson. The doctor had paid the writer a visit at his college, and the latter gives his opinion of his burly guest. He acknowledges Johnson's great learning and power of expression, but says his character is marred by great deficiencies both of body and mind. Among his chief mental bad qualities is what a Frenchman has called an excess of "the essence of but"—a studied detraction from the merits of every man mentioned in the course of the conversation. The writer's correspondent, who had introduced Johnson to him, had the but freely applied to his absent self, says his friend; but in his answer he takes it very good-humoredly.

JOHN tells a story of Thompson and Rogers, two married bucks of New York, who, wandering home late one night, stopped at what Thompson supposed was his residence, but which his companion insisted was his own house. Thompson rang the bell lustily when a window was opened, and a lady inquired what was wanting:

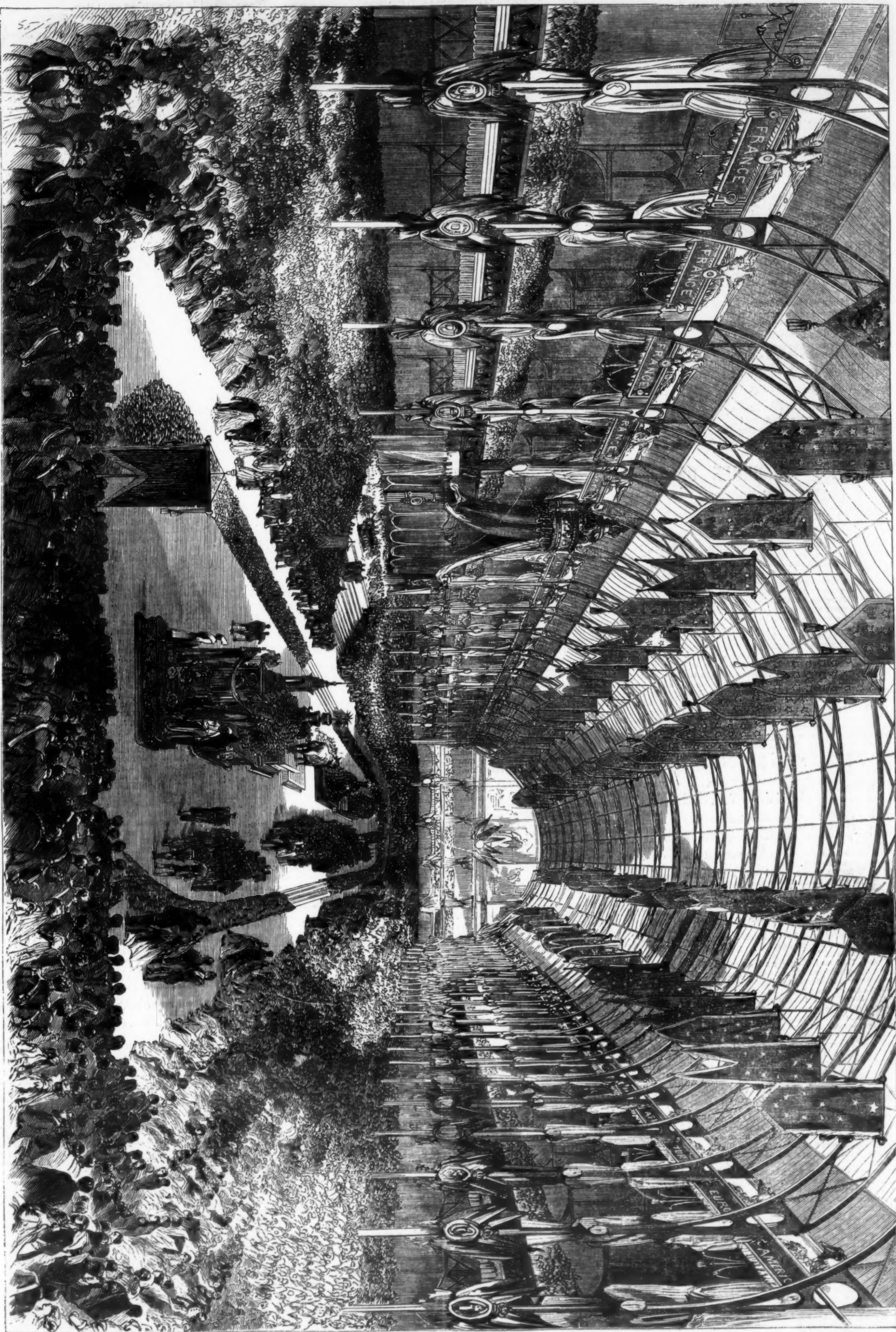
"Madam!" inquired Mr. T., "isn't this Mr. T. Thompson's house?"

"No," replied the lady, "this is the residence of Mr. Rogers."

"Well," exclaimed Thompson, "Mrs. T. Thompson—beg your pardon—Mrs. Rogers, won't you just step down to the door, and pick out Rogers—T. Thompson wants to go home."



CINCINNATI AND COVINGTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WILDER OF CINCINNATI.—SEE PAGE 348.



INTERIOR OF THE PALACE OF INDUSTRY IN THE CHAMPS ELYSEES AT THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE PRIZES OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—SEE PAGE 357.

L'AUTO-DA-FE.

In the hush of the winter midnight—
In the hush of the sleeping house—
When no weird wind stirs in the gloomy air,
The spirits of storm to rouse,

When never a glint of moonlight
Gleams from the great black sky,
By the red fire's glow, as it smolders low,
We crouch, my letters and I.

My letters, they lie where I tossed them,
On the crimson hearthrug there,
Still, vivid and bright, in the ruddy light,
As cobras in their lair.

I push the hair from my forehead,
That burns and throbs so fast,
Thinking the while, with a strange, dull smile,
Of the task I must do at last.

Who knows but I, the comfort
Those foolish letters have been?
The depth and scope—the strength and hope—
Of those "leaves" that are always "green"?

Who knows but I, how sadly,
To-morrow, I and my dream,
By the ashes gray will weep and say,
"Woe's me for that vanished gleam."

"The gleam of idle gladness,
The glimmer of memories bright,
That hid in each line of those letters of mine,
Those letters I burn to-night?"

Ah, well! the dream was a folly;
Its joy was an idle thing,
Its hope was a lie, and its loyalty
Died of a whisperer's sting.

So a kiss—the last—to my letters,
A resolute hand, and—there!
Do the sad dark eyes of my Paradise
Meet mine through the fierce flame's flare?

THE LAST CHRONICLE OF
BARSET.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XLVII.—CONTINUED.

At breakfast on the following morning there was no one present but the bishop, Mrs. Proudie and Dr. Tempest. Very little was said at the meal. Mr. Crawley's name was not mentioned, but there seemed to be a general feeling among them that there was a task hanging over them which prevented any general conversation. The eggs were eaten and the coffee was drunk, but the eggs and the coffee disappeared almost in silence. When these ceremonies had been altogether completed, and it was clearly necessary that something further should be done, the bishop spoke: "Dr. Tempest," he said, "perhaps you will join me in my study at eleven. We can then say a few words to each other about the unfortunate matter on which I shall have to trouble you."

Dr. Tempest said he would be punctual to his appointment, and then the bishop withdrew, muttering something as to the necessity of looking at his letters. Dr. Tempest took a newspaper in his hand, which had been brought in by a servant, but Mrs. Proudie did not allow him to read it. "Dr. Tempest," she said, "this is a matter of most vital importance. I am quite sure that you feel that it is so."

"What matter, madam?" said the doctor. "This terrible affair of Mr. Crawley's. If something be not done the whole diocese will be disgraced."

Then she waited for an answer, but receiving none she was obliged to continue:

"Of the poor man's guilt there can, I fear, be no doubt."

Then there was another pause, but still the doctor made no answer.

"And if he be guilty," said Mrs. Proudie, resolving that she would ask a question that must bring forth some reply, "can any experienced clergyman think that he can be fit to preach from the pulpit of a parish church? I am sure that you must agree with me, Dr. Tempest? Consider the souls of the people!"

"Mrs. Proudie," said he, "I think that we had better not discuss the matter."

"Not discuss it?"

"I think that we had better not do so. If I understand the bishop aright, he wishes that I should take some step in the matter."

"Of course he does."

"And therefore I must decline to make it a matter of common conversation."

"Common conversation, Dr. Tempest! I should be the last person in the world to make it a matter of common conversation. I regard this as by no means a common conversation. God forbid that it should be a common conversation. I am speaking now very seriously with reference to the interests of the Church, which I think will be endangered by having among her active servants a man who has been guilty of so base a crime as theft. Think of it, Dr. Tempest. Theft! Stealing money! Appropriating to his own use a check for twenty pounds which did not belong to him! And then telling such terrible falsehoods about it! Can anything be worse, anything more scandalous, anything more dangerous? Indeed, Dr. Tempest, I do not regard this as any common conversation."

The whole of this speech was not made at once, fluently, or without a break. From stop to stop Mrs. Proudie paused, waiting for her companion's words; but as he would not speak she was obliged to continue:

"I am sure that you cannot but agree with me, Dr. Tempest?" she said.

"I am quite sure that I shall not discuss it with you," said the doctor, very unobsequiously.

"And why not? Are you not here to discuss it?"

"Not with you, Mrs. Proudie. You must excuse me for saying so, but I am not here to discuss any such matter with you. Were I to do so, I should be guilty of a very great impropriety."

"All these things are in common between me and the bishop," said Mrs. Proudie, with an air that was intended to be dignified, but which nevertheless displayed her rising anger.

"As to that I know nothing, but they cannot be in common between you and me. It grieves me

much that I should have to speak to you in such a strain, but my duty allows me no alternative. I think, if you will permit me, I will take a turn round the garden before I keep my appointment with his lordship."

And so saying he escaped from the lady without hearing her further remonstrance.

It still wanted nearly an hour to the time named by the bishop, and Dr. Tempest used it preparing for his withdrawal from the palace as soon as his interview with the bishop should be over. After what had passed he thought he would be justified in taking his departure without bidding adieu formally to Mrs. Proudie. He would say a word or two, explaining his haste, to the bishop; and then, if he could get out of the house at once, it might be that he would never see Mrs. Proudie again. He was rather proud of his success in their late battle, but he felt that, having been so completely victorious, it would be foolish in him to risk his laurels in the chance of another encounter. He would say not a word of what had happened to the bishop, and he thought it probable that neither would Mrs. Proudie speak of it—at any rate till after he was gone. Generals who are beaten out of the field are not quick to talk of their own repulses. He, indeed, had not beaten Mrs. Proudie out of the field. He had, in fact, himself run away. But he had left his foe silenced; and with such a foe, and in such a contest, that was everything. He put up his portmanteau, therefore, and prepared for his final retreat. Then he rang his bell and desired the servant to show him to the bishop's study. The servant did so, and when he entered the room the first thing he saw was Mrs. Proudie sitting in an arm-chair near the window. The bishop was also in the room, sitting with his arms upon the writing-table, and his head upon his hands. It was very evident that Mrs. Proudie did not consider herself to have been beaten, and that she was prepared to fight another battle.

"Will you sit down, Dr. Tempest?" she said, motioning him with her hand to a chair opposite to that occupied by the bishop.

Dr. Tempest sat down. He felt that at the moment he had nothing else to do, and that he must restrain any remonstrance that he might make till Mr. Crawley's name should be mentioned. He was almost lost in admiration of the woman. He had left her, as he thought, utterly vanquished and prostrated by his determined but unceremonious usage of her; and here she was, present again upon the field of battle as though she had never been even wounded. He could see that there had been words between her and the bishop, and that she had carried a point on which the bishop had been very anxious to have his own way. He could perceive at once that the bishop had begged her to absent herself and was greatly chagrined that he should not have prevailed with her. There she was—and as Dr. Tempest was resolved that he would neither give advice or receive instructions respecting Mr. Crawley in her presence, he could only draw upon his courage and his strategy for the coming warfare. For a few moments no one said a word. The bishop felt that if Dr. Tempest would only begin, the work on hand might be got through, even in his wife's presence. Mrs. Proudie was aware that her husband should begin. If he would do so, and if Dr. Tempest would listen and then reply, she might gradually make her way into the conversation; and if her words were once accepted then she could say all that she desired to say; then she could play her part and become somebody in the episcopal work. When once she should have been allowed liberty of speech, the enemy would be powerless to stop her. But all this Dr. Tempest understood quite as well as she understood it, and had they waited till night he would not have been the first to mention Mr. Crawley's name.

The bishop sighed aloud. The sigh might be taken as expressing grief over the sin of the erring brother whose conduct they were then to discuss, and was not amiss. But when the sigh with its attendant murmurs had passed away it was necessary that some initiative step should be taken.

"Dr. Tempest," said the bishop, "what are we to do about this poor stiff-necked gentleman?" Still Dr. Tempest did not speak. "There is no clergyman in the diocese," continued the bishop, "in whose prudence and wisdom I have more confidence than in yours. And I know, too, that you are by no means disposed to severity where severe measures are not necessary. What ought we to do? It he has been guilty, he should not surely return to his pulpit after the expiration of such punishment as the law of his country may award to him."

Dr. Tempest looked at Mrs. Proudie, thinking that she might perhaps say a word now; but Mrs. Proudie knew her part better and was silent. Angry as she was, she contrived to hold her peace. Let the debate once begin and she would be able to creep into it, and then to lead it—and so she would hold her own. But she had met a foe as wary as herself.

"My lord," said the doctor, "it will perhaps be well that you should communicate your wishes to me in writing. If it be possible for me to comply with them I will do so."

"Yes—exactly; no doubt—but I thought that perhaps we might better understand each other if we had a few words of quiet conversation upon the subject. I believe you know the steps that I have—"

But here the bishop was interrupted. Dr. Tempest rose from his chair, and advancing to the table put both his hands upon it.

"My lord," he said, "I feel myself compelled to say that which I would very much rather leave unsaid, were it possible. I feel the difficulty, and I may say, delicacy, of my position; but I should be untrue to my conscience and to my feeling of what is right in such matters, if I were to take any part in a discussion on this matter in the presence of—a lady."

"Dr. Tempest, what is your objection?" said Mrs. Proudie, rising from her chair, and coming also to the table, so that from thence she might confront her opponent; and as she stood opposite to Dr. Tempest she also put both her hands upon the table.

"My dear, perhaps you will leave us for a few moments," said the bishop. Poor bishop! Poor weak bishop! As the words came from his mouth he knew that they would be spoken in vain, and that, if so, it would have been better for him to have left them unspoken.

"Why should I be dismissed from your room without a reason?" said Mrs. Proudie. "Cannot Dr. Tempest understand that a wife may share her husband's counsels—as she must share his troubles? If he cannot, I pity him very much as to his own household."

"Dr. Tempest," said the bishop, "Mrs. Proudie takes the greatest possible interest in everything concerning the diocese."

"I am sure, my lord," said the doctor, "that you will see how unseemly it would be that I should interfere in any way between you and Mrs.

Proudie. I certainly will not do so. I can only say again that if you will communicate to me your wishes in writing, I will attend to them if possible."

"You mean to be stubborn," said Mrs. Proudie, whose prudence was beginning to give way under the great provocation to which her temper was being subjected.

"Yes, madam; if it is to be called stubbornness, I must be stubborn. My lord, Mrs. Proudie spoke to me on this subject in the breakfast-room after you had left it, and I then ventured to explain to her that, in accordance with such light as I have on the matter, I could not discuss it in her presence. I greatly grieve that I failed to make myself understood by her, as, otherwise, this unpleasantness might have been spared."

"I understood you very well, Dr. Tempest, and I think you to be a most unreasonable man. Indeed, I might use a much harsher word."

"You may use any word you please," said the doctor.

"My dear, I really think you had better leave us for a few minutes," said the bishop.

"No, my lord, no," said Mrs. Proudie, turning round upon her husband. "Not so. It would be most unbecoming that I should be turned out of a room in this palace by an uncourteous word from a parish clergyman. It would be unseemly. If Dr. Tempest forgets his duty, I will not forget mine. There are other clergymen in the diocese besides Dr. Tempest who can undertake the very easy task of this commission. As for his having been appointed rural dean, I don't know how many years ago, it is a matter of no consequence whatever. In such a preliminary inquiry any three clergymen will suffice. It need not be done by the rural dean at all."

"My dear!"

"I will not be turned out of this room by Dr. Tempest; and that is enough."

"My lord," said the doctor, "you had better write to me as I proposed to you just now."

"His lordship will not write. His lordship will do nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Proudie.

"My dear!" said the bishop, driven in his perplexity beyond all carefulness of reticence. "My dear, I do wish you wouldn't—I do indeed. If you would only go away!"

"I will not go away, my lord," said Mrs. Proudie.

"But I will," said Dr. Tempest, feeling true compassion for the unfortunate man whom he saw writhing in agony before him. "It will manifestly be the best that I should retire. My lord, I wish you good-morning. Mrs. Proudie, good-morning."

And so he left the room.

"A most stubborn and a most ungentlemanlike man," said Mrs. Proudie, as soon as the door was closed behind the retreating rural dean. "I do not think that in the whole course of my life I ever met with any one so insubordinate and so ill-mannered. He is worse than the archdeacon."

As she uttered these words she paced about the room. The bishop said nothing; and when she herself had been silent for a few minutes she turned upon him.

"Bishop," she said, "I hope that you agree with me. I expect that you will agree with me in a matter that is of so much moment to my comfort, and, I may say, to my position generally in the diocese. Bishop, why do you not speak?"

"You have behaved in such a way that I do not know that I shall ever speak again," said the bishop.

"What is this that you say?"

"I say that I do not know how I shall ever speak again. You have disgraced me."

"Disgraced you! I disgrace you! It is you that disgrace yourself by saying such words."

"Very well. Let it be so. Perhaps you will go away now and leave me to myself. I have got a bad headache, and I can't talk any more. Oh, dear! oh, dear! what will he think of it?"

"And you mean to tell me that I have been wrong?"

"Yes, you have been wrong—very wrong. Why didn't you go away when I asked you? You are always being wrong. I wish I had never come to Barchester. In any other position I should not have felt it so much. As it is I do not know how I can ever show my face again."

"Not have felt what so much, Mr. Proudie?"

said the wife, going back, in the excitement of her anger, to the nomenclature of old days. "And this is to be my return for all my care in your behalf! Allow me to tell you, sir, that in any position in which you may be placed, I know what is due to you, and that your dignity will never lose anything in my hands. I wish that you were as well able to take care of it yourself."

Then she stalked out of the room, and left the poor man alone.

Bishop Proudie sat alone in his study throughout the whole day. Once or twice in the course of the morning his chaplain came to him on some matter of business, and was answered with a smile, the peculiar softness of which the chaplain did not fail to attribute to the right cause; for it was soon known throughout the household that there had been a quarrel. Could he have made up his mind to do so—could he have resolved that it would be better altogether to quarrel with his wife—the bishop would have appealed to the chaplain, and have asked at any rate for sympathy. But even yet he could not bring himself to confess his misery, and to own himself to another to be the wretch that he was. Then, during the long hours of the day he sat thinking of it all. How happy could he be if it were only possible for him to go away, and become even a curate in a parish, without his wife! Would there ever come to him a time of freedom? Would she ever die? He was older than she, and of course he would die first. Would it not be a fine thing if he could die at once, and thus escape from his misery?

What could he do, even supposing himself strong enough to fight the battle? He could not lock her up—he could not even very well lock her out of his room. She was his wife, and must have the run of his house. He could not altogether debar her from the society of the diocesan clergymen. He had, on this very morning, taken strong measures with her. More than once or twice he had desired her to leave the room. What was there to be done to a woman who would not obey her husband—who would not even leave him to the performance of his own work? What a blessed thing it would be if a bishop could go away from his home to his work every day like a clerk in a public office—as a stone-mason does! But there was no such escape for him. He could not go away. And how was he to meet her again this very day?

And then for hours he thought of Dr. Tempest and Mr. Crawley, considering what he had better do to repair the shipwreck of the morning. At last he resolved that he would write to the doctor; and before he had again seen his wife he did write his letter, and sent it off. In this letter he made no direct allusion to the occurrence of the morning, but wrote as though there had not been any

fixed intention of a personal discussion between them.

"I think it will be better that there should be a commission," he said; "and I would suggest that you should have four other clergymen with you. Perhaps you will select two yourself out of your rural deanery; and, if you do not object, I will name as the other two Mr. Thumble and Mr. Quiverful, who are both resident in the city."

As he wrote these two names he felt ashamed of himself, knowing that he had chosen the two men as being special friends of his wife, and feeling that he should have been brave enough to throw aside all considerations of his wife's favor, especially at this moment, in which he was putting on his armor to do battle against her.

"It is not probable," he continued to say in his letter, "that you will be able to make your report until after the trial of this unfortunate gentleman shall have taken place, and a verdict shall have been given. Should he be acquitted, that, I imagine, should end the matter. There can be no reason why we should attempt to go beyond the verdict of a jury. But should he be found guilty, I think we ought to be ready with such steps as it will be becoming for us to take at the expiration of any sentence which may be pronounced. It will be, at any rate, expedient that in such case the matter should be brought before an ecclesiastical court."

He knew well as he wrote this that he was proposing something much milder than the course intended by his wife when she had instigated him to take proceedings in the matter; but he did not much regard that now. Though he had been weak enough to name certain clergymen as assessors with the rural dean, because he thought that by doing so he would to a certain degree conciliate his wife—though he had been so far a coward, yet he was resolved that he would not sacrifice to her his own judgment and his own conscience in his manner of proceeding. He kept no copy of his letter, so that he might be unable to show her his very words when she should ask to see them. Of course he would tell her what he had done; but in telling her he would keep to himself what he had said as to the result of an acquittal in a civil court. She need not yet be told that he had promised to take such a verdict as sufficing also for an ecclesiastical acquittal. In this spirit his letter was written and sent off before he again saw his wife.

He did not meet her till they came together in the drawing-room before dinner. In explaining the whole truth as to circumstances as they existed at the palace at that moment, it must be acknowledged that Mrs. Proudie herself, great as was her courage, and wide as were the resources which she possessed within herself, was somewhat appalled by the position of affairs. I fear that it may now be too late for me to excite much sympathy in the mind of any reader on behalf of Mrs. Proudie. I shall never be able to make her virtues popular. But she had virtues, and their existence now made her unhappy. She did regard the dignity of her husband, and she felt at the present moment that she had almost compromised it. She did also regard the welfare of the clergymen around her, thinking, of course, in a general way, that certain of them who agreed with her were the clergymen whose welfare should be studied, and that certain of them who disagreed with her were the clergymen whose welfare should be postponed. But now an idea made its way into her bosom that she was not, perhaps, doing the best for the welfare of the diocese generally. What if it should come to pass that all the clergymen in the diocese should refuse to open their mouths in her presence on ecclesiastical subjects, as Dr. Tempest had done? This special day was not one on which she was well contented with herself, though by no means on that account was her anger mitigated against the offending rural dean.

During dinner she struggled to say a word or two to her husband, as though there had been no quarrel between them. With him the matter had gone so deep that he could not answer her in the same spirit. There were sundry members of the family present—daughters, and a son-in-law, and a daughter's friend who was staying with them; but even in the hope of appearing to be serene before them he could not struggle through his deep despondence. He was very silent, and to his wife's words he answered hardly anything. He was courteous and gentle with them all, but he spoke as little as was possible, and during the evening he sat alone, with his head leaning on his hand—not pretending even to read. He was aware that it was too late to make even an attempt to conceal his misery and his disgrace from his own family.

His wife came to him that night in his dressing-room in a spirit of feminine softness that was very unusual with her.

"My dear," said she, "let us forget what occurred this morning. If there has been any anger we are bound as Christians to forget it."

She stood over him as she spoke, and put her hand upon his shoulder almost caressingly.

"When a man's heart is broken, he cannot forget it," was the reply.

She still stood by him, and still kept her hand upon him; but she could think of no other words of comfort to say.

"I will go to bed," he said. "It is the best place for me."

Then she left him, and he went to bed.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—THE SOFTNESS OF SIR RAFFLE BUFFLE.

We have seen that John Eames was prepared to start on his journey in search of the Arabina, and have seen him after he had taken farewell of his office and of his master there, previous to his departure; but that matter of his departure had not been arranged altogether with comfort as far as his official interests were concerned. He had been perhaps a little abrupt in his mode of informing Sir Raffle Buffle that there was a pressing cause for his official absence, and Sir Raffle had replied to him that no private pressure could be allowed to interfere with his public duties.

"I must go, Sir Raffle, at any rate," Johnny had said; "it is a matter affecting my family, and must not be neglected."

"If you intend to go without leave," said Sir Raffle, "I presume you will first put your resignation into the hands of Mr. Kissing."

Now, Mr. Kissing was the secretary to the board. This had been serious undoubtedly. John Eames was not specially anxious to keep his present position as private secretary to Sir Raffle, but he certainly had no desire to give up his profession altogether. He said nothing more to the great man on that occasion, but before he left the office he wrote a private note to the chairman expressing the extreme importance of his business, and begging that he might have leave of absence. On the next morning he received it back with a very few words written across it.

"It can't be done," were the very words which Sir Raffle Buffle had written across the note from his private secretary. Here was a difficulty which

Johnny had not anticipated, and which seemed to be insuperable. Sir Raffle would not have answered him in that strain if he had not been very much in earnest.

"I should send him a medical certificate," said Cradell, his friend of old.

"Nonsense," said Eames. "I don't see that it's nonsense at all. They can't get over a medical certificate from a respectable man, and everybody has got something the matter with him of some kind."

"I should go and let him do his worst," said Fisher, who was another clerk. "It wouldn't be more than putting you down a place or two. As to losing your present berth you don't mind that, and they would never think of dismissing you."

"But I do mind being put down a place or two," said Johnny, who could not forget that were he so put down his friend Fisher would gain the step which he would lose.

"I should give him a barrel of oysters, and talk to him about the Chancellor of the Exchequer," said FitzHoward, who had been private secretary to Sir Raffle before Eames, and might therefore be supposed to know the man.

"That might have done very well if I had not asked him and been refused first," said John Eames. "I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll write a long letter on a sheet of foolscap paper, with a regular margin, so that it must come before the Board, and perhaps that will frighten him."

When he mentioned his difficulty on that evening to Mr. Toogood, the lawyer begged him to give up the journey.

"It will only be sending a clerk, and it won't cost so very much after all," said Toogood.

But Johnny's pride could not allow him to give way.

"I'm not going to be done about it," said he. "I'm not going to resign, but I will go even though they may dismiss me. I don't think it will come to that, but if it does it must."

His uncle begged of him not to think of such an alternative; but this discussion took place after dinner, and away from the office, and Eames would not submit to bow his neck to authority.

"If it comes to that," said he, "a fellow might as well be a slave at once. And what is the use of a fellow having a little money if it does not make him independent? You may be sure of one thing, I shall go; and that on the day fixed."

On the next morning John Eames was very silent when he went into Sir Raffle's room at the office. There was now only this day and another before that fixed for his departure, and it was of course very necessary that matters should be arranged. But he said nothing to Sir Raffle during the morning. The great man himself was descending and endeavored to be kind. He knew that his stern refusal had greatly irritated his private secretary, and was anxious to show that, though in the cause of public duty he was obliged to be stern, he was quite willing to forget his sternness when the necessity for it had passed away. On this morning, therefore, he was very cheery. But to all his cheery good-humor John Eames would make no response.

Late in the afternoon, when most of the men had left the office, Johnny appeared before the chairman for the last time that day with a very long face. He was dressed in black, and had changed his ordinary morning coat for a frock, which gave him an appearance altogether unlike that which was customary to him. And he spoke almost in a whisper, very slowly; and when Sir Raffle joked—and Sir Raffle often would joke—he not only did not laugh, but he absolutely sighed.

"Is there anything the matter with you, Eames?" asked Sir Raffle.

"I am in great trouble," said John Eames.

"And what is your trouble?"

"It is essential for the honor of one of my family that I should be at Florence by this day week. I cannot make up my mind what I ought to do. I do not wish to lose my position in the public service, to which, as you know, I am warmly attached; but I cannot submit to see the honor of my family sacrificed."

"Eames," said Sir Raffle, "that must be nonsense—that must be nonsense. There can be no reason why you should always expect to have your own way in everything."

"Of course if I go without leave I shall be dismissed."

"Of course you will. It is out of the question that a young man should take the bit between his teeth in that way."

"As for taking the bit between his teeth, Sir Raffle, I do not think that any man was ever more obedient, perhaps I should say more submissive, than I have been. But there must be a limit to everything."

"What do you mean by that, Mr. Eames?" said Sir Raffle, turning in anger upon his private secretary. But Johnny disregarded his anger. Johnny, indeed, had made up his mind that Sir Raffle should be very angry. "What do you mean, Mr. Eames, by saying that there must be a limit? I know nothing about limits. One would suppose that you intended to make an accusation against me."

"So I do. I think, Sir Raffle, that you are treating me with great cruelty. I have explained to you that family circumstances—"

"You have explained nothing, Mr. Eames."

"Yes, I have, Sir Raffle. I have explained to you that matters relating to my family, which materially affect the honor of a certain one of its members, demand that I should go at once to Florence. You tell me that if I go I shall be dismissed."

"Of course you must not go without leave. I never heard of such a thing in all my life." And Sir Raffle lifted up his hands toward heaven, almost in dismay.

"So I have drawn up a short statement of the circumstances, which I hope may be read at the Board when the question of my dismissal comes before it."

"You mean to go, then?"

"Yes, Sir Raffle; I must go. The honor of a certain branch of my family demands that I should do so. As I have for some time been so especially under you, I thought it would be proper to show you what I have said before I send my letter in, and therefore I have brought it with me. Here it is."

And Johnny handed to Sir Raffle an official document of large dimensions.

Sir Raffle began to be uncomfortable. He had acquired a character for tyranny in the public service of which he was aware, though he thought that he knew well that he had never deserved it. Some official big-wig—perhaps that Chancellor of the Exchequer of whom he was so fond—had on one occasion hinted to him that a little softness of usage would be compatible with the prejudices of the age. Softness was impossible to Sir Raffle; but his temper was sufficiently under his control to enable him to encounter the rebuke, and to pull himself up from time to time when he found himself tempted to speak loud and to take things with a high hand. He knew that a clerk should not be dismissed for leaving his office, who could

show that his absence had been caused by some matter really affecting the interest of his family; and that were he to drive Eames to go on this occasion without leave, Eames would be simply called in to state what was the matter of moment which had taken him away. Probably he had stated that matter of moment in this very document which Sir Raffle was holding in his hand. But Sir Raffle was not willing to be conquered by the document. If it was necessary that he should give way, he would much prefer to give way, out of his own good-nature, let us say, without looking at the document at all.

"I must, under the circumstances, decline to read this," said he, "unless it should come before me officially," and he handed back the paper.

"I thought it best to let you see it if you pleased," said John Eames. Then he turned round as though he were going to leave the room, but suddenly he turned back again.

"I don't like to leave you, Sir Raffle, without saying good-by. I do not suppose we shall meet again. Of course you must do your duty, and I do not wish you to think that I have any personal ill-will against you."

So saying, he put out his hand to Sir Raffle as though to take a final farewell. Sir Raffle looked at him in amazement. He was dressed, as has been said, in black, and did not look like the John Eames of every day to whom Sir Raffle was accustomed.

"I don't understand this at all," said Sir Raffle.

"I was afraid that it was only too plain," said John Eames.

"And you must go?"

"Oh, yes—that's certain. I have pledged myself to go."

"Of course I don't know anything of this matter that is so important to your family."

"No; you do not," said Johnny.

"Can't you explain it to me, then, so that I may have some reason—if there is any reason?"

Then John told the story of Mr. Crawley, a considerable portion of the story, and in his telling of it, I think it probable that he put more weight upon the necessity of his mission to Italy than it could have fairly been made to bear. In the course of the narration, Sir Raffle did once contrive to suggest that a lawyer by going to Florence might do the business at any rate as well as John Eames. But Johnny denied this.

"No, Sir Raffle, it is impossible—quite impossible," he said. "If you saw the lawyer who is acting in the matter, Mr. Toogood, who is also my uncle, he would tell you the same."

Sir Raffle had already heard something of the story of Mr. Crawley, and was now willing to accept the sad tragedy of that case as an excuse for his private secretary's somewhat insubordinate conduct.

"Under the circumstances, Eames, I suppose you must go; but I think you should have told me all about it before."

"I did not like to trouble you, Sir Raffle, with private business."

"It is always best to tell the whole of a story," said Sir Raffle.

Johnny being quite content with the upshot of the negotiations, accepted this gentle rebuke in silence, and withdrew. On the next day he appeared again at the office in his ordinary costume, and an idea crossed Sir Raffle's brain that he had been partly "done" by the affectation of a costume.

"I'll be even with him some day yet," said Sir Raffle to himself.

"I've got my leave, boys," said Eames, when he went out into the room in which his three friends sat.

"No!" said Cradell.

"But I have," said Johnny.

"You don't mean that old Huffle Scuffie has given it out of his own head?" said Fisher.

"Indeed he has," said Johnny; "and bade God bless me into the bargain."

"And you didn't give him the oysters?" said Fitz Howard.

"Not a shell!" said Johnny.

"I'm blessed if you don't beat cock-fighting," said Cradell, lost in admiration at his friend's adroitness.

We know how John passed his evening after that. He went first to see Lily Dale at her uncle's lodgings in Sackville street, from thence he was taken to the presence of the charming Madalina in Porchester Terrace, and then wound up the night with his friend Conway Dalrymple. When he got to his bed, he felt himself to have been triumphant, but in spite of his triumph he was ashamed of himself. Why had he left Lily to go to Madalina? As he thought of this he quoted to himself against himself Hamlet's often-quoted appeal to the two portraits. How could he not despise himself in that he could find any pleasure with Madalina, having a Lily Dale to fill his thoughts?

"But she is not fair for me," he said to himself, thinking thus to comfort himself. But he did not comfort himself.

On the next morning early, his uncle, Mr. Toogood, met him at the Dover Railway Station.

"Upon my word, Johnny, you're a clever fellow," said he. "I never thought that you'd make it all right with Sir Raffle."

"As right as a trivet, uncle. There are some people, if you can only get to learn the length of their feet, you can always fit them with shoes afterward."

"You'll go on direct to Florence, Johnny?"

"Yes, I think so. From what we have heard, Mrs. Arabin must be either there or at Venice, and I don't suppose I could learn from any one at Paris, at which town she is staying at this moment."

"Her address is Florence—*poste restante*, Florence. You will be sure to find out at any of the hotels where she is staying, or where she has been staying."

"But when I have found her, I don't suppose she can tell me anything," said Johnny.

"Who can tell? She may or she may not. My belief is that the money was her present altogether, and not his. It seems that they don't mix their moneys. He has always had some scruple about it, because of her son by a former marriage, and they always have different accounts at their bankers'. I found that out when I was at Barchester."

"But Crawley was his friend."

"Yes, Crawley was his friend; but I don't know that fifty pound notes have always been so very plentiful with him. Deans' incomes ain't what they were, you know."

"I don't know anything about that," said Johnny.

"Well; they are not. And he has nothing of his own, as far as I can learn. It would be just the thing for her to do—to give the money to his friend. At any rate, she will tell you whether it was so or not."

"And then I will go on to Jerusalem, after him?"

"Should you find it necessary. He will pro-

baby be on his way back, and she will know where you can hit him on the road. You must make him understand that it is essential that he should be here some little time before the trial. You can understand, Johnny"—and as he spoke Mr. Toogood lowered his voice to a whisper, though they were walking together on the platform of the railway-station, and could not possibly be overheard by any one—"you can understand that it may be necessary to prove that he is not exactly *compos mentis*, and if so, it will be essential that he should have some influential friend near him. Otherwise, that the bishop will trample him into dust."

If Mr. Toogood could have seen the bishop at this time, and have read the troubles of the poor man's heart, he would hardly have spoken of him as being so terrible a tyrant.

"I understand all that," said Johnny.

"So that, in fact, I shall expect to see you both together," said Toogood.

"I hope the dean is a good fellow."

"They tell me he is a very good fellow."

"I never did see much of bishops or deans as yet," said Johnny, "and I should feel rather awestruck traveling with one."

"I should fancy that a dean is very much like anybody else."

"But the man's hat would cow me."

"I dare say you will find him walking about Jerusalem with a wide-awake on, and a big stick in his hand, probably smoking a cigar. Deans contrive to get out of their armor sometimes, as the knights of old used to do. Bishops, I fancy, find it more difficult. Well—good-by, old fellow. I'm very much obliged to you for going—I am, indeed. I don't doubt but what we shall pull through, somehow."

Then Mr. Toogood went home to breakfast, and from his own house he proceeded to his office. When he had been there an hour or two, there came to him a messenger from the Income-tax Office, with an official note addressed to himself by Sir Raffle Buffle—a note which looked to be very official. Sir Raffle Buffle presented his compliments to Mr. Toogood, and could Mr. Toogood favor Sir R. B. with the present address of Mr. John Eames?

"Old fox!" said Mr. Toogood; "but, then, such a stupid old fox! As if it was likely that I should have peached on Johnny if anything was wrong!"

So Mr. Toogood sent his compliments to Sir Raffle Buffle, and begged to inform Sir R. B. that Mr. John Eames was away on particular family business, which would take him in the first instance to Florence; and that from Florence he would probably have to go on to Jerusalem without the loss of an hour.

"Stupid old fool!" said Mr. Toogood, as he sent off his reply by the messenger.

CHAPTER XLIX.—NEAR THE CLOSE.

I WONDER whether any one will read these pages who has never known anything of the bitterness of a family quarrel? If so, I shall have a reader very fortunate, or else very cold-blooded. It would be wrong to say that love produces quarrels; but love does produce those intimate relations of which quarreling is too often one of the consequences—one of the consequences which frequently seem to be so natural, and sometimes seem to be unavoidable. One brother rebukes the other—and what brothers ever lived together between whom there was no such rebuking?—then some warm word is misunderstood and hotter words follow and there is a quarrel. The husband tyrannizes, knowing that it is his duty to direct, and the wife disobeys, or only partially obeys, thinking that a little independence will become her—and so there is a quarrel. The father, anxious only for his son's good, looks into that son's future with other eyes than those of his son himself—and so there is a quarrel. They come very easily, these quarrels, but the quietness from them is sometimes terribly difficult. Much of thought is necessary before the angry man can remember that he too in part may have been wrong; and any attempt at such thinking is almost beyond the power of him who is carefully nursing his wrath, lest it cool! But the nursing of such quarreling kills all happiness. The very man who is nursing his wrath, lest it cool—his wrath against one whom he loves perhaps the best of all whom it has been given him to love—is himself wretched as long as it lasts. His anger poisons every pleasure of his life. He is sullen at his meals, and cannot understand his book as he turns its pages. His work, let it be what it may, is ill done. He is full of his quarrel—nursing it. He is telling himself how much he has loved that wicked one, how many have been his sacrifices for that wicked one, and that now that wicked one is repaying him simply with wickedness! And yet the wicked one is at that very moment dearer to him than ever. If that wicked one could only be forgiven, how sweet would the world be again! And yet he nurses his wrath.

So it was in these days with Archdeacon Grantly. He was very angry with his son. It is hardly too much to say that in every moment of his life, whether waking or sleeping, he was thinking of the injury that his son was doing him. He had almost come to forget the fact that his anger had first been roused by the feeling that his son was about to do himself an injury—to cut his own throat. Various other considerations had now added themselves to that, and filled not only his mind but his daily conversation with his wife. How terrible would be the disgrace to Lord Hartlepool, how incurable the injury to Griselda, the marchioness, should the brother-in-law of the one, and the brother of the other, marry the daughter of a convicted thief!

"Of himself he would say nothing." So he declared constantly, though of himself he did say a great deal. "Of himself he would say nothing, though of course such a marriage would ruin him in the county."

"My dear," said his wife, "that is nonsense. That really is nonsense. I feel sure there is not a single person in the county who would think of the marriage in such a light."

Then the archdeacon would have quarreled with his wife too, had she not been too wise to admit such a quarrel. Mrs. Grantly was very wise and knew that it took two persons to make a quarrel. He told her over and over again that she was in league with her son—that she was encouraging her son to marry Grace Crawley.

"I believe that in your heart you wish it," he once said to her.

"No, my dear, I do not wish it. I do not think it a becoming marriage. But if he does marry her, I should wish to receive his wife in my house, and certainly should not quarrel with him."

"I will never receive her," the archdeacon had replied; "and as for him, I can only say that in such case I will make no provision for his family."

It will be remembered that the archdeacon had on a former occasion instructed his wife to write to his son and tell him of his father's determination. Mrs. Grantly had so manoeuvred that a little time had been gained, and that those in-

structions had not been insisted upon in all their bitterness. Since that time Major Grantly had renewed his assurance that he would marry Grace Crawley if Grace Crawley would accept him—writing on this occasion direct to his father—and had asked his father whether, in such case, he was to look forward to be disinherited.

"It is essential that I should know," the major had said, "because in such case I must take immediate measures for leaving this place."

His father had sent him back his letter, writing a few words at the bottom of it.

"If you do as you propose above, you must expect nothing from me."

The words were written in large round handwriting, very hurriedly, and the son when he received them perfectly understood the mood of his father's mind when he wrote them.

Then there came tidings, addressed on this occasion to Mrs. Grantly, that Cosby Lodge was to be given up. Lady-day had come, and the notice, necessarily to be given at that period, was so given.

"I know this will grieve you," Major Grantly had said, "but my father has driven me to it."

This, in itself, was a cause of great sorrow, both to the archdeacon and to Mrs. Grantly, as there were circumstances connected with Cosby Lodge which made them think that it was a very desirable residence for their son.

"I shall sell everything about the place and go abroad at once," he said in a subsequent letter. "My present idea is that I shall settle myself at Pau, as my income will suffice for me to live there, and education for Edith will be cheap. At any rate I will not continue in England. I could never be happy here in circumstances so altered. Of course I should not have left my profession, unless I had understood from my father that the income arising from it would not be necessary to me. I do not, however, mean to complain, but simply tell you that I shall go."

There were many letters between the mother and son in those days.

"I shall stay till after the trial," he said. "If she will then go with me, well and good; but whether she will or not, I shall not remain here."

All this seemed to Mrs. Grantly to be peculiarly unfortunate, for, had he not resolved to go, things might even yet have righted themselves. From what she could now understand of the character of Miss Crawley, whom she did not know personally, she thought it probable that Grace, in the event of her father being found guilty by the jury, would absolutely and persistently refuse the offer made to her. She would be too good, as Mrs. Grantly put it to herself, to bring misery and disgrace into another family. But should Mr. Crawley be acquitted, and should the marriage then take place, the archdeacon himself might probably be got to forgive it. In either case there would be no necessity for breaking up the house at Cosby Lodge. But her dear son Henry, her best beloved, was obstinate and stiff-necked, and would take no advice.

"He is even worse than his father," she said, in her short-lived anger, to her own father, to whom alone at this time she could unbend her griefs, seeking consolation and encouragement.

It was her habit to go over to the deanery at any rate twice a week at this time, and on the occasion of one of the visits so made, she expressed very strongly her distress at the family quarrel which had come among them. The old man took his grandson's part through and through.

"I do not at all see why he should not marry the young lady if he likes her. As for money, there ought to be enough without his having to look for a wife with a fortune."

"It is not a question of money, papa."

"And as to rank," continued Mr. Harding, "Henry will not at any rate be going lower than his father did when he married you—not so low indeed, for at that time I was only a minor canon, and Mr. Crawley is in possession of a benefice."

"Papa, all that is nonsense. It is, indeed."

"Very likely, my dear."

"It is not because Mr. Crawley is only perpetual curate of Hoggstock that the archdeacon objects to the marriage. It has nothing to do with that at all. At the present moment he is in disgrace."

"Under a cloud, my dear. Let us pray that it may be only a passing cloud."

"All the world thinks that he was guilty. And then he is such a man—so singular, so unlike anybody else! You know, papa, that I don't think very much of money, merely as money."

"I hope not, my dear. Money is worth thinking of, but it is not worth very much thought."

"But it does give advantages, and the absence of such advantages must be very much felt in the education of a girl. You would hardly wish Henry to marry a young woman who, from want of money, had not been brought up among ladies. It is not Miss Crawley's fault, but such has been her lot. We cannot ignore these deficiencies, papa."

"Certainly not, my dear."

"You would not, for instance, wish that Henry should marry a kitchen-maid."

"But is Miss Crawley a kitchen-maid, Susan?"

"I don't quite say that."

"I am told that she has been educated infinitely better than most of the young ladies in the neighborhood," said Mr. Harding.

"I believe that her father has taught her Greek; and I suppose she has learned something of French at that school at Silverbridge."

"Then the kitchen-maid theory is sufficiently disposed of," said Mr. Harding, with mild triumph.

"You know what I mean, papa. But the fact is, that it is impossible to deal with men. They will never be reasonable. A marriage such as this would be injurious to Henry; but it will not be ruinous; and as to disinheriting him for it, that would be downright wicked."

"I think so," said Mr. Harding.

"But the archdeacon will look at it as though it would destroy Henry and Edith altogether, while you speak of it as though it were the best thing in the world."

"If the young people love each other, I think it would be the best thing in the world," said Mr. Harding.

"But, papa, you cannot but think that his father's wish should go for something," said Mrs. Grantly, who desirous as she was on the one side to support her son, could not bear that her husband should, on the other side, be declared altogether in the wrong.

"I do not know, my dear," said Mr. Harding; "but I do think, that if the two young people are fond of each other, and if there is anything for them to live upon, it cannot be right to keep them apart. You know, my dear, she is the daughter of a gentleman."

Mrs. Grantly upon this left her father almost brusquely, without speaking another word on the subject; for, though she was opposed to the vehement anger of her husband, she could not endure the proposition now made by her father.

The Death of Thomas A-Becket.

In 1161, during the reign of Henry II., Thomas A-Becket was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury.

It is said that Becket did not accept the appointment without scruple, but having accepted it he at once became an altered man. Declaring himself free from all secular claims, he resigned the chancellorship against the wishes of the king; he discarded all his former companions and magnificent retinue; he threw off his splendid attire; he discharged his choice cooks and his cup-bearers, to surround himself with monks and beggars whose feet he daily washed; to clothe himself in sack-cloth; to eat the coarsest food, and to drink water mingled with bitter herbs. His penances, his prayers, and his charities in hospitals and pesthouses soon made him revered as a saint, and followed by the prayers and acclamations of the common people.

Becket was changed, not merely in his renunciation of worldly pleasure, but in his aspect toward the king and church, resolving that Henry should not encroach on the smallest of his privileges. He began by complaining that the king and the laity had usurped its property, and he laid claim to sundry estates, castles, and fortresses, that had been in the possession of lay-families for generations.

In the following year, Henry had matured the famous decrees called the "Constitutions of Clarendon," and demanded for them the assent of the prelates. The object of these famous decrees was to maintain the authority of the king and the temporal courts, even over the persons and things pertaining to the church, and to restrain the prelates from exercising an independent jurisdiction, or appealing to the pope without the royal consent. Most of the bishops submitted, and Becket himself, being threatened by the king and lay barons, signed the instrument. He refused, however, to add his seal; and, finding that the pope disapproved of the constitutions, he retracted and set his face against them. An open rupture ensued, and Becket was obliged to fly the country.

After several years Henry relented, through the mediation of the pope and the king of France. A form of reconciliation took place at Tours; but the king postponed the kiss of peace, though he condescended to hold Becket's stirrup when he mounted his horse. Becket immediately proceeded to England, carrying letters of excommunication from the pope against three bishops whom he held to be his chief enemies. The burgesses and working people flocked to meet him; but the higher classes kept aloof, and a royal messenger intercepted his journey to Woodstock, and directed him to remain within his own diocese. On Christmas Day he announced to his congregation his determination to avenge some of the wrongs of his church, and forthwith he excommunicated two clergymen who had offended him. This was his last public act. The three excommunicated bishops hastened to the continent to demand redress from the king, and represented that his own safety demanded it as much as theirs. Henry was seized with one of those fits of passion to which he was occasionally subject. He exclaimed against the prelate as a beggar that first came to his court with a lame horse, and now dared to insult him and trample on his kingdom:

"And not one," cried he, "of the cowards I feed at my table, not one will deliver me from this turbulent priest!"

He then, with the approval of his council, appointed three commissioners to apprehend Becket on the charge of high treason. But the words he had spoken in anger were taken up by four knights, who hastened to England, and proceeding with a few adherents to the archbishop's palace, demanded the absolution of the bishops. Becket refused in an exasperated manner; the knights retired to put on their armor while he repaired to the church. He would not allow it to be barricaded; and when the knights entered it he again refused the absolution, applying a foul name to the one who demanded it. Upon this they struck him to

the ground and split his head in two. The monks hastily buried the body, and the excitement among the people became prodigious. Becket was deemed a martyr, at whose tomb miracles might be expected; and the afflicted repaired in crowds to the spot. Numbers of cures were reported; and the pope was induced to create Becket a tutelar saint of England, assigning to him the 29th of December in the Calendar.

Henry expressed unutterable grief and horror at the

in each other's company; and of being together transported to a happier world. Committing both soul and body into the hands of their Heavenly Father; they resigned themselves to the death which now appeared very near. The last words Mr. Cross heard from his beloved wife were those of prayer; and shortly afterward he found that he was supporting a lifeless corpse. Thus, on a small unsheltered reef, in a dark, tempestuous night, exhausted in body and agonized in mind, the



THE DEATH OF THOMAS A-BECKET.

assassination; and afterward took a solemn oath that he had not commanded or even desired it. However, as he could not deny that his words might have been the cause, he as atonement made several concessions to the church and to Becket's friends; besides promising to maintain 200 knights in the Holy Land for a year. Upon this the pope granted him absolution.

A SHIPWRECK IN POLYNESIA.

Mr. WILLIAM CROSS, who had been long laboring as a missionary at Tongatabu, was appointed to Vavau, an island about 300 miles distant, on which he applied to the Christian chief of Tongatabu for a vessel to convey him to that island. The chief provided Mr. Cross with a large double canoe, nearly 100 feet long, which he had put in order for the voyage.

The missionary and his wife, with several friendly natives, put to sea with a fair wind. It was then blowing moderately as well as favorably. But it soon increased to a storm, and when they had got about half way the Hapai, a group of islands lying about midway between Tongatabu and Vavau, the mast of their canoe broke from the violence of the gale. The canoe was now unmanageable; the wind, too, had changed and was no longer in their favor. They had, therefore, no alternative but to make for the nearest land. At last they reached two barren rocks which lie about ten or fifteen miles from Tongatabu, where they hoped to take shelter for the night. But the surf was breaking with such violence on the shores that to effect a landing was impossible. They were obliged, in the darkness of a stormy night, to commit themselves again to the mercy of the waves. Mrs. Cross, as soon as their peril became apparent, prayed earnestly to be saved from a watery grave, of which she had the greatest dread. The night being exceedingly dark, they knew not whither they were drifting; but after being the sport of the winds and waves for several hours, they found themselves suddenly dashed on one of the dangerous reefs by which Tongatabu is surrounded. In an instant the canoe was dashed to pieces, and all on board were precipitated into the deep.

Recovering shortly from the shock, Mr. Cross and his wife gained a standing-place on the inner side of the reef, but Mrs. Cross soon became exhausted, and felt it difficult to bear up against the billows that rolled over them. Mr. Cross being taller and stronger than his wife, was able to keep his head more out of the water. At length, seeing no prospect of being able to endure much longer, they consoled themselves with the thought of dying

survivor was left alone, expecting every moment that the next wave would sweep him from his standing.

At this juncture a native, who had grasped a plank from among the scattered fragments of the wreck, floated past, and cried to Mr. Cross to share the support which this piece of wood could give. As nothing could render his situation worse than it was, he availed himself of the assistance thus offered, and committed himself to this frail support. After being driven onward for a time, they found themselves near a small island about a quarter of a mile from the reef. They succeeded in reaching it, but had scarcely sufficient strength remaining to crawl up its shores. The native, on landing, soon procured a fire, which not only warmed and re-invigorated them, but served as a beacon to their companions, nearly forty of whom were drifting or swimming about in the sea, not knowing where they were or which way they ought to take. The fire soon attracted many of them, but nearly twenty never rejoined their friends, but sank beneath the angry billows, there to rest until the great day when "the sea shall give up its dead."

A COURT IN CAIRO, EGYPT.

THE houses in Cairo are built about a central court, which is used as a place of meeting for the various lodgers in the house, who also carry on their various employments here. Our illustration represents a scene described by a recent traveler. He was awoke early in the morning by the gossiping chatter of a half dozen women who had met in the court under his window, for the purpose of society, and also to perform their daily tasks. Here then they sat almost the entire day, their number receiving various accessions during the course of the day, of those whose business or pleasure led them to make one of the social circle for periods varying from a few minutes to hours. The immense amount of talk, and little amount of work done during the whole time, served to explain pretty fully the reason why so large a proportion of the population of Cairo are sunk in the extreme poverty. The climate is such that but little food or clothing are necessary to preserve life, and what use of both of these is found absolutely necessary is made with the slightest preparation, so that it may be said that the enormous proportion of the population pass their lives in almost absolute laziness, hence the vices consequent upon so unoccupied a life are terribly common.

PEOPLE who travel into cannibal countries are apt to be turned into Indian meal.

Cincinnati and Covington Suspension Bridge.

Our illustration of this bridge across the Ohio, at Cincinnati, is from a view taken from the Kentucky side of the river. This suspension bridge is one of the greatest, if not the greatest work of the kind in the world.

The foundations of the piers are of Indiana limestone, and the piers themselves are of sandstone. The dimensions at the base are 96 feet by 53 feet; at the top (200 feet above) 74 feet by 40 feet. There are 32,000 perches of masonry in this piece of stonework. About 100 feet above the bottom of the foundation is the floor of the main archery, across which the floor of the main bridge runs. Here the tower has the form of an arch from 75 feet from floor to keystone, and 40 feet in the clear at the base.

Roadways of massive stonework, in the form of arches a portion of the way, lead from the first approaches to the bridge on either side—from Front street in Cincinnati, and from Second street in Covington. These abutments form the shore supports for the immense ironwork of the links by which the cables are connected with the anchorage far beneath the ground surface, and below the shore ends of these abutments. There are in each of these abutments 13,000 perches of stone—26,000 in the total; which added to the 64,000 in the piers or towers, give a grand total of 90,000 perches of stonework in the bridge. From abutment to pier there is a distance of 281 feet. From the beginning of the roadway on Front street, Cincinnati, and from Second street, Covington, there is, of course, a gradual ascent along abutment and shore portion of the suspension to the pier; and then comes the slight descent and ascent produced by deflection of water suspension. Nearly 50 feet below the surface of the ground, under each side of both abutments, embedded in masonry, are the huge anchor-plates—the primary supports of the bridge. These are large, square and flat cast-iron plates, into which the ends of the anchor-bars are fastened, and they are covered with the masonry of the entire anchorage and abutments. These anchor-bars are connecting pieces between the shore, to which the end of the cable is fastened, and the anchor-plate. There are between each shore and plate eight or nine lengths of anchor-bars, sixteen side by side in each length, and each bar or strip 10 feet long, nine inches wide and 1½ inches thick. The reader may imagine the size and strength of the sockets and cross-bars used in connecting these lengths with each other, and with the shore of the cable and the anchor. And all this ironwork is repeated four times, once on each end of each cable. The cost of the masonry is about forty per cent. of the entire cost of the bridge.

The following figures will show the magnitude of the work: Estimated total cost, \$1,750,000; length of main span, from centre to centre of towers, 1,087 feet; length of each land span, 281 feet; total length of bridge, including approaches from Front street, Cincinnati, and Second street, Covington, 2,262 feet; height of towers from foundation, without turrets, 200 feet; height of turrets, 30 feet; height of bridge above low water, 100 feet; width of bridge in the clear, 36 feet; number of cables, 2; diameter of cables, 12½ inches; amount of wire in the cables, 1,000,000 pounds; strength of the structure, 16,800 tons; deflection of cables, 88 feet; masonry in each tower, 32,000 perches; masonry in each anchorage, 13,000 perches; masonry, total amount, 90,000 perches; towers, at base, 86 by 53 feet; towers, at top, 74 by 40 feet; strands in each cable, 7; wires in each strand, 740; wires in cables, total, 10,360; weight of wire, 500 tons; feet of lumber, 500,000.

The builder is John A. Roebling, who constructed the Niagara Suspension Bridge and many smaller bridges of similar character. In 1856 he made a contract to build this bridge, and when, under his direction, the first foundation-stones of this triumph of engineering and mechanical skill were laid, the water was lower than it has ever been since; it was the only time, in fact, that it could have been done.

The work was commenced September 1st, 1856, and was prosecuted with considerable vigor until the summer of 1859, when it was suspended on account of lack of funds. The towers at that time were 75 feet high on the Covington side and 47 on the Cincinnati side. The work was finally resumed with vigor on the 1st of May, 1863, and has been recently finished.



A SHIPWRECK IN POLYNESIA.



A COURT IN CAIRO EGYPT.

Summer Rambles Through the Country—A Day at Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, Long Island.

A DAY IN GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

By way of Brooklyn's Fifth avenue, which is the only agreeable route from New York—the one *vis Court street* being full of such sounds, sights and odors as congregate in the big city we have left behind.

The sun is gilding the tops of the houses, is making the listless sea a sheet of gold; yet the air is cool, full of motion, delicious. The gods are emptying their nectar jars into our open, grateful mouths. Our driver, a perspiring Hercules of thirty or so, deigns to be loquacious, naming the proprietors and inmates of the many villas we pass, and giving his opinions about them with a candor more unusual than charming.

"Washington held his headquarters there," says he, pointing out with the stock of his whip a time-rusted homestead, which looks as if tired of existence, half inclined to fall in and have done with it.

"Washington never held his headquarters there, I guess," hazards my youthful companion.

Hercules eyes him with something like stern distrust, and then defiantly repeats his assertion, adding that he was born in the neighborhood, and ought to know.

"*Aut Bootes aut nihil*," remarks my friend, as the driver turns his broad back on us.

Unable to see the joke, I conscientiously refrain from smiling, until his forefinger directs my attention to the driver's enormous boots, which absolutely reach his bassin; then I bethink myself of him.

"Who flogs,
Held in their leash of sidereal fire,
The clamorous pack of his hunting dogs
Over the zenith."

The cemetery at last. Compose thyself, good Candidus, assume a decent gravity, albeit thou hast it not. Alas! Candidus is young, and I am old; gravity is not



OLD VAULT IN DAWN PATH.

springbok of the Transvaal, as full of generous juices as a Spanish vineyard, how I envy you!

Passing through the grand entrance, which, by-the-way, is almost blocked up with sombre carriages, we



CHILD'S TOMB IN DAWN PATH.

There is a Pansy path lined with simple headstones, round which I fancied lingered

"A rosemary odor
Commingle with pansies,

willow tree, sat a carver, deftly chipping out the name of some dead mortal, and whistling the while quite merrily. His thoughts were with the living, not with the dead. Before the intervening branches had hidden him from view, we came upon a picture of another and more pleasing kind. Two ladies, apparently sisters, were decorating with flowers the grave of a little boy.

Eulogies of the dead are frequent, and who shall say that they were not deserved?—assert with the sombre poet that such praises as "kind father," "best of friends," "good husband,"

"Grow like grass and nettles
Out of dead men, and speckled hatreds hide
Like toads among them."

"That instinct which makes the honored memory of the dead a trust with all the living," revolts at the notion of picking holes in dead men's coats.

Ocean Hill commands a magnificent view of the harbor, and possesses some of the finest tombs in the cemetery. One of its chief features is a stately sepulchral monument in white marble, erected to the memory of an Englishwoman.

In Ocean avenue lie the mortal remains of a celebrated physician. His tomb is half smothered in ivy, and on its iron gate is the word "Welcome." A grim welcome—*medico mio*.

"Something especially retributive in the death of a doctor," saith Candidus.

Good lad! his youth has not yet destroyed itself; his idle insolence that lolls on the sward of health. Some day these death-draughts, these deferrers, shall be unto him as the bearer of a reprieve unto the condemned malefactor, their draughts and boluses as manna to the Israelites.

In Dawn Path lies one upon whom eternity dawned ere time had scarce begun. The beautiful simplicity of



REPAIRING THE INSCRIPTIONS ON THE TOMBS.

so easy a matter with him; his gayety still awaits the departure of his vices. O youth! Blue-eyed and golden-haired, ruddy-faced and smor-hearted, as supple as a

presently lose ourselves in a maze of pleasantly named paths, alleys and avenues.

Silencium, Candide; we are in the city of the dead.



DECORATING THE GRAVE.

With rue and the beautiful
Puritan pensies."

At the mouth of it, under the shadow of a tent-like

this tomb is very striking. Its baby *ex marmore*, bathed in the warm, red sunlight, looked quite life-like.

Our attention was presently attracted by one of the



GARRISON'S MONUMENT, OCEAN AVENUE, GREENWOOD CEMETERY.



MRS. JACOBS'S MONUMENT, OCEAN HILL, GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

most curious mausoleum. It is Oriental in style, and very ugly. Ere we moved on, a carriage drove up, and from the conversation of its charming occupants we learned that this mosque in miniature cost fifty thousand dollars, and that the gentleman whose bones are destined to repose in it resides at present in Fifth Avenue.

If the lakes were a little less muddy, and if the squirrels in their centres gave place to fountains, they would form a much more pleasant feature of the cemetery. Bah! nothing is perfect save imperfection.

Candidus becomes hungry and impatient. For my part, against his importunities and *anastasia di fame*, I hold out with the serenity of a Hervey. But Candidus is as determined as I, and I am presently of his mind. Let us return to life. I like not the quietness of the dead, it resembles the quietness of a vast deepair; it suggests unutterable unrest. We are breathing sulphureted hydrogen, good Candidus, and shall presently be asphyxiated—let us away.

Distribution of Prizes at the Paris Exhibition.

As our readers are aware, the place appointed for the magnificent ceremony of the distribution of prizes at the Paris Exposition was the same in which, twelve years ago, the prizes of the first great French Exhibition were distributed—the nave of the Palace of Industry. What is called the nave is the large central court or garden round which the various galleries of the palace are built—an immense oblong space, more than 220 yards in length, and covered with one broad arch of glass. All round the floor of this vast hall are ranged, tier upon tier, rows of crimson-colored benches, ample enough to seat some 12,000 people; and above these benches a gallery of light construction (light-looking because of iron, after the fashion set by the Crystal Palace) makes the circuit of the walls, and contains comfortable accommodation for about 6,000 persons. Thence terraces of encircling benches above and below suffer, at one point of the circuit, "a solution of continuity," in order to make room for a great dais or platform, where the Emperor sat enthroned in the midst of his guests and his Court. In the middle of the hall is a large vacant space, round which the seats—thrones, chairs, benches—are ranged, and upon the floor of which, as on a stage, the ceremony of a pageant can be easily seen from all parts of the building. The arrangement is admirable. No people understand so well as the French how to manage a crowd; and in bringing 20,000 people together to see a fine pageant, it would be difficult to provide for their pleasure and their comfort more perfectly than this was done in the great nave of the Palace of Industry. The architectural arrangements were confided to M. Aldrophe, who succeeded in making as perfect an amphitheatre for a great state spectacle as it would be possible to present to devise, and who decorated this theatre with all the taste in house decoration for which Frenchmen are famous.

The decorations were superb. The throne, gorgeous in crimson and gold, was placed under a lofty canopy, arranged in a circle, richly embroidered in gold, and with a great gold crown above it, as if it were the top of an Imperial tent. The curtains of the tent were drawn aside to make an open view from the thrones and chairs of state. In great folds of velvet of the richest hue darker than crimson and lighter than purple—and relieved with embroidery of gold, the curtains, meeting at a sharp angle in the canopy, sloped gracefully to the crimson and black moquette carpet of the dais and filled the eye with a splendid blaze of color, heightened by fluted golden pillars with curious carvings on each side of the dais, used as holds for the curtains.

In harmony with all this, the vast hall was carpeted with crimson, the array of benches for 20,000 people was lined with the same color, and the light pillars which supported the gallery and ascended to the roof were draped in tissues of crimson and gold. At intervals along the skirting of the gallery sheaves of flags were so disposed as to catch the eye with combinations of color in which red, yellow, and white, or scarlet, white, and a blue inclining to black, prevailed. At intervals in the cornice where the arch of the roof began a gilt eagle spread its wings, and, standing at one end of the hall, one saw eagles after eagles hovering over the assemblage. Above all gleamed the immense arch of glass, the glare of light from it being shaded by tissues of white and green, with pendent banners and oriflammes of many colors. The tiers of benches looked down upon a stage of considerable breadth and of immense length, in which, at intervals from end to end, were built ten trophies to illustrate the glories of the Exhibition. This stage was surrounded by a sloping border of flowers.

The construction of the ten trophies as specimens of the ten groups of subjects into which the Exhibition is divided was entrusted to ten different architects. M. Aldrophe, chief architect, took charge of the first trophy, formed of works of art. A marble statue of the first Napoleon surmounted it; round it were hung Meissonier's picture of the Battle of Solferino, and pictures by Knauts, Rousseau, and the Russian artist, Reimers; and marble groups and bronze busts and statues were ranged upon its shelves. The second trophy, in honor of the liberal arts, was constructed by M. Drevel. At one of its corners was the magnificent d-masqued Cup of Pleasure by M. Dufresne; and the trophy also contained a landscape painted by Bonquet on a large enameled slab; beautiful ivory miniatures; photographic cameos; engraved seals; splendid specimens of binding; specimens of literature—that of England being represented by a cheap edition of "Tom Jones;" weapons of war curiously ornamented; philo-sophical instruments; saws and knives for the use of soldiers; fiddles, guitars, flutes, horns, accordions; and, at the base, a skirting of the tiles of Minton. The third trophy, illustrative of furniture, was arranged by M. Leroux. At the summit was a magnificent clock, and round it, on its shelves, were set the most beautiful fancies, wrought in wood and metal, in porcelain, and in glass. There were silver vases and dishes of the finest workmanship by Elkington and Hancock; porcelain of Sevres and St. Petersburg; the brilliant faience of Deek and Collinet; wondrous cut and colored glass by Baccarat and Count Schaffgotsch; Venetian glass by Salviati; bronzes by Barbedienne, with his vases and trays of brilliant enamel cloisonné; church ornaments from Lyons, which are among the finest specimens of silversmith's work in the Exhibition. The trophy of the fourth group was devised by M. Parollies, who had to work into it specimens of the clothing of all nations. It was surmounted by a cone, on which were hung shawls of delicate hue and finest work—Indian, French, Norwich; underneath were some brilliant specimens of silks, of laces, of furs; and muslin, feathers and flowers of many hues set off the collection; and the base of the monument was draped with sober woolen fabrics. The fifth trophy was constructed by M. Chapon out of a variety of raw materials. It was very picturesque, consisting of shells, and sponges, and corals from distant seas, intermingled with cocoons of the silk-

worm clinging to the branches of the mulberry; the skins of the leopard, the fine furs of ermine, and sable, and seals; hemp, and flax, and cotton; ingots of platinum, silver, and gold; blocks of coal and bars of iron; rocks in which the turquoise is embedded, and rocks on which the amethyst crystallizes; curious woods; tortoise shells; dyes of violet, ultramarine, and vermilion; and specimens of the tobacco-leaf, here packed in bundles, there twisted into cigars, or growing in a flower-pot. The architect of the sixth trophy was M. Hangard, who had arranged machinery and small models of machinery into a pretty pyramid; models of ships, looms, viaducts, light-houses, sewing-machines, turning-lathes, plows, locomotives, hammers, pick-axes, and tools of every description, with a piece of submarine cable; the whole pile was draped with fishing-nets. The seventh trophy was arranged by M. Hiser, setting before us the foods and drinks of man's kind; coffee in the bean and tea in the leaf, oranges and lemons, breadfruit and mangoes, red pickles and green, leaves of sugar; sweetmeats of all delicate hues, in gorgeous boxes; Pock, From & Co.'s biscuits; Colman's mustard; truffles, mushrooms, carrots, rhubarb, meat, and pastry, and various kinds of solid food; and bottles of wine and ale. The eighth trophy represented agriculture, and was the work of M. Hockerau. The great ox of the last Mardi Gras was stuffed and raised high on a pedestal, with sheep and poultry around him, and the base of the monument was draped with sheaves of corn; farm tools were hung on its sides. The ninth trophy, the work of M. Courtepey, in honor of horticulture, was an enormous bouquet of flowers and fruits, with garden tools among them. The last trophy was a design of M. Bumplesmayer, and was intended to illustrate the tenth group of things exhibited in the Champs de Mars, "Articles exhibited with the special object of improving the physical and moral condition of the people." These trophies gave a remarkable appearance to the great central platform of the amphitheatre, filled as it was with seats between the trophies, on which the prize-winners had to sit, each near the trophy of the group to which he belonged.

The Emperor took the centre throne, with the Sultan on his right hand and the Empress on his left, with the little Prince Imperial by her side. Next the latter sat the Viceroy and Sultan's son, with Prince Humbert, Princess Mathilde, and Prince Napoleon. On a chair of state, but not a throne, and a little behind that of the Emperor and the Sultan, sat the Prince of Wales, The Duke of Cambridge, with some of the foreign Princes and Ministers, occupied seats to the left of the throne, and beyond all were ranged the Imperial Staff, members of the various households, and distinguished visitors.

The names of the exhibitors to whom the chief prizes, gold or silver medals, had been awarded, were then read over. They had been marshaled in procession two and two, under the distinctive banners of the various groups into which the Exhibition is divided. The whole number was about 900. One by one, as each name was called, the exhibitors came to the Emperor's throne, and received from the hands of his Majesty a piece of ribbon belonging to the decoration of the Legion of Honor, which is conferred on the prize-winners.

The Detective Power of the Theatre.

SHAKESPEARE makes Hamlet say, when he determines to test his uncle's crime by the "murder of Gonzago."

"I have heard That guilty creatures, sitting at a play, Have, by the very cunning of the scene, Been struck so to the soul, that presently They have proclaimed their malefactions."

He alludes to a well-known story recent in the memory of the first spectators of the tragedy, and related by Thomas Heywood, in his "Apology for Actors," published in 1612. The Earl of Sussex's comedians acted a play called "Friar Francis," at Lynn Regis, in Norfolk, in 1593. In this a woman was represented, who, to obtain more readily the company of a paramour, murdered her husband. She is brought on the stage as haunted by his ghost. During the performance, another woman, an inhabitant of the town, was so impressed by the feigned action, that she shrieked and cried out, "Oh, my husband! my husband!" Being questioned, she confessed, that several years before, she had poisoned her husband under similar circumstances, and that his fearful image seemed to rise up before her in the form of the spectre in the play. She was afterward tried and condemned for the fact. For the truth of this story, Heywood refers his readers to the judicial records of Lynn and many living witnesses.

A more recent illustration is named in the life of the celebrated actor, Ross. A young clerk, whose follies had placed him precisely in the situation of George Barnwell, having, through the influence of a Millwood, defrauded his master of £200, was taken alarmingly ill, and in an interview with his physician, Dr. Barrowby, confessed the whole of the circumstances, from a conscience-stricken feeling produced by seeing Ross and Mrs. Fritchard in the principal characters of Lillo's tragedy. The doctor communicated the case to the youth's father, who paid the money instantly; the son recovered, and became an eminent merchant, and a good Christian. In a letter from Ross to a friend, dated the 20th of August, 1787, are these words: "Though I never knew his name, or saw him to my knowledge, I had, for nine or ten years at my benefit, a note sealed up, with ten guineas, and these words: 'A tribute of gratitude from one who was highly obliged, and saved from ruin, by seeing Mr. Ross's performance of George Barnwell.'" Dr. Barrowby, with reference to the incident, said to Ross in the greenroom, "You have done some good in your profession—more perhaps than many a clergyman who preached last Sunday."

During the run of the popular drama of "The Maid and the Magpie," at Drury Lane and Covent Garden in 1815, a servant girl in the gallery at one of the theatres was so overcome by the natural pathos of the actress who personated Annette, and her protestations of innocence, that she exclaimed, "Let her go! I stole the spoons, and sold them."

The test we are treating of failed once in a signal instance, in the story of Derby and Fisher. These were two gentlemen intimately acquainted. The latter was a dependent on the former, who generously supplied him with the means of living suitable to his birth and education. But Fisher was base and ungrateful. After parting one evening with Mr. Derby, at his chambers in the Temple, with all the usual marks of friendship, Fisher contrived to get into the apartments with an intent to rob and murder his benefactor. This foul scheme he fully accomplished. For some time no suspicion fell on the murderer. He appeared as usual in public places. Soon after he sat in a side-box during one of Wilkie's representations of Hamlet. When the actor repeated the passage which alludes to "guilty creatures sitting at a play," a lady, who happened to be close to Fisher, but without the slightest knowledge of who he was, or premeditation, turned round, and looking him full in the face, said, "I wish the villain who murdered Mr. Derby was here!" It was afterward ascertained that this was the identical man. The other persons in the box declared that neither the speech of the actor, nor the involuntary exclamation of the lady, made the least external impression on the criminal. Fisher not long after escaped to Rome, where he professed himself a Roman Catholic, and obtained manu-

ary. Richard Wilson, the landscape-painter, saw and spoke to him more than thirty years after. He was then one of the conceited, and a dealer in pictures.

The Ancestors of the Lilliputians.

THE representations of the wars of the Pigmies and Cranes in old frescoes were not in many cases intended for caricature. Homer probably believed in the existence of the little folk when he was describing the descent made on them by the birds. Pliny thought he found traces of them in Thrace, Asia Minor, India and Egypt. In the last-named place they were at extremities with these birds for picking up the seed. Unfortunately our philosopher was somewhat credulous, and we are not surer of the existence of the poor little people than those of others mentioned by him—the dog-headed race, the mouthless race, or those who had two pupils in one eye and the effigy of a horse in the other. Here is his account of the Pigmies:

"At the extremities of the mountains of India are settled the Pigmies, who are only twenty-seven inches in height. They enjoy a salubrious atmosphere and a perpetual spring, defended as they are by the mountains against the north wind. It is said that, being mounted on the backs of rams and goats, and armed with bows and arrows, all come down in the spring to the sea-shore, and eat up the eggs and the young of cranes. This expedition endures for three months, and were it not made they could never withstand the increasing multitudes of these birds. Their cabins are constructed with mud and the eggshells and feathers of the birds."

Legends of dwarfs are rife among the Teutonic nations, and in the early Celtic stories they also figure, but to a less extent.

These accounts may be far-off echoes of the recollections of the earliest races spread over Europe, small in stature, and using implements of flint and bone. Their frequent mention in terms of disparagement among the classic writers may arise from the ill-feeling borne to dwarfs and misshapen jesters kept about the houses of chiefs and kings, and privileged to say all manner of biting things to painters, parasites, poets and partisans. Possibly the poets and painters, in order to avenge their wrongs, invented the Pigmy race, and represented them as in continual fear of an offensive and unwarlike bird.

In the frescoes we find them enumerated with huge helmets and shields, poised their javelins in act to throw, or piercing the breasts of the pestilent fowl, while not a few are sprawling at the mercy of the claws and beaks of the tall foe. In some pictures they are represented as bald, weakly creatures, dwelling on the Nile banks, and conveying oil in jars to some market in their little boats; the hippopotamus opening his big mouth, figures in some of these designs, and in one instance a crocodile is making a mouthful of one poor fellow, while two of his friends seem to utter piercing cries on a neighboring rock.

CARICATURE IN EGYPT.

WILKINSON, a most trustworthy authority, tells us that he has found among the drawings left on walls, some ladies far gone in various stages of intoxication, gesticulating to their slaves to come and support them, and others prevented with difficulty from tumbling on those behind them. A servant is holding out with a gesture of disgust a basin to her mistress, who must have forgotten womanly moderation at the feast; and the artist was so cruel as to represent a wavy line dividing into two other similar wavy lines, connecting another lady's mouth with the pavement of the hall.

Besides the ordinary Egyptian groups of bearded men and women, some pieces exhibit birds and beasts fairly drawn, and mimicking human actions. There is a papyrus in the British Museum, and another at Turin, and the learned Dr. Richard Lepsius has got several groups of their figures reproduced in the twenty-third plate of his great work on "The Antiquities of Egypt." Some he was obliged to omit, on account of their intolerable grossness. In the Turin papyrus is seen an animal holding a double siphon, and near him some beasts executing a concert. The ass strikes the harp, the lion fingers the lyre, the crocodile does what he can with a theorbo, and a monkey blows through a double flute. At some distance is another ass armed with a club and shepherd's crook, and graciously receiving the offerings presented by a cat, who is chaperoned by a heifer.

In other parts of the scene one animal is beheading another, and a horned beast armed with a mallet leads a hare and a lion by the same cord; a troop of cats engage another of birds in deadly combat, and a hawk climbs by a ladder into a tree, where a hippopotamus is lying at her ease surrounded by fruits. Rats bearing buckler and lance, and drawing the long bow, are assaulting a fort. The commandant mounted in a chair is drawn by two hounds, his bodyguard being made up of cats.

In the London papyrus a grave-looking rat, seated in a chair, is inhaling the perfume of a bouquet of lotus, while a cat offers His Majesty some presents, and a slave-rat behind holds up a fan. This is evidently a caricature of the honor paid to Pharaoh. In Champfleury's volume part of a procession is represented. A lion and a gazelle at one extremity are seated on cross-legged chairs, and playing chess, the lion being Pharaoh and the gazelle his favorite wife. It is a pity that we cannot present the awkward poses of the chess-players, and their bodies upright and their hind legs sticking out before them in the most uncomfortable position. A wolf, with some burden depending at his back, plays on a double flute, while his herd of deer are pacing before him. In their van is a quadruped walking on his hind legs, and carrying a burden on a stick laid over his shoulder. A cat with a duck on one paw extends a switch with the other, and keeps a flock of the ducks' brothers and sisters in order.

In the American collection of Mr. Abbot, a cat standing on its hind legs, and bearing a fan, is presenting a plucked goose to another cat, seated on a stool, and holding a drinking-cup in one fore-paw and a flower in the other. These are the only scenes of a comic character which our screens have as yet discovered among the art relics of Egypt.

STERNE'S OBLIGATIONS TO THE ANTIQUE.—That useful feature of the human countenance, the nose, has reason to complain of the liberal treatment it has always received from the poets and painters of satirists. In the Cabinets of Medals at Paris a comical head with the hair tightly drawn from all parts to the vertex, and there gathered in a knot, is well thrown back, thus exhibiting a nose of ample dimensions, the eyes and mouth seeming to exult in its size, and feel thorough confidence in its protection, and on the watch, as it were, to resent any insult offered to it. M. Champfleury's book presents it in a wood-cut, and enhances the treat by giving sundry quotations from the Anthology, all holding in veneration to its nostrils. It is to be feared that the modeler of the famous nose of Blaukenberg had studied some of these incubations, and your nose in the sun, said Trajan, and its shadow will declare the hour to the passer-by. "Milton of the long nose," said Lucian 'is a good judge of wine, but he is long about pronouncing on the vintage. It takes three summer days for the bouquet to arrive at his brain, so long is his nose! Oh, useful proboscis! When Milton wad-s a river he takes up fish with his trunk.' 'I see the nose of Menippus,' said Nicarcus, 'and he can't be far off. Wait a little; he will certainly come after it. It is advancing. If we were on a hillcock we should see him in person.' Quaker's nose, said an unknown writer, 'serves his master for a pick-axe; when

he snores it is a trumpet; it is a bill-hook for the vintage; an anchor for a ship; a counter for the plow; a hook for fishing; a chisel for the carpenter; a hatchet; a knocker for the door."

ONE of the modes adopted by the old caricaturists to excite merriment in their patrons, and at the same time to disparage some well-known characters of the figures in admired works of art, consisted in representing them as pigmies or dwarfs of equat form, and exaggerating any excesses or irregularities in their contours. This treatment is still a favorite one among the finished masters of the art in gay and satirical Paris. There every man of letters or artist who has won public esteem is sure to find himself with enlarged nose and mouth, rickety and distorted limbs, an addition of a few fingers if he happen to excel at the piano—a monster in fact, but still recognizable at a glance for the unfortunate genius by a most ludicrous resemblance. It does not redound to the credit of human nature that such travesties of the divine form of man should be favorably regarded and purchased; however, this article is not concerned with what ought to be, but what is.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

WE learn with pleasure that the celebrated Peerless Cooking Stove which was exhibited here last winter, has been awarded the First Premium at the Paris Exposition. The manufacturers have reason to be proud of their success with this elegant cooking apparatus. The *Moniteur*, under date of July 1, says:

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